THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

WHATEVER the outcome of the Geneva Disarmament Conference, which is in session as these lines are written, the *Westminster Gazette* is probably right in asserting that, so far as Great Britain is concerned, it is dealing with 'the chief moral issue exercising the minds of all men of constructive idealism in the nation to-day.' The same assertion is true with some qualifications of most of the Powers of Europe. Britain's bulkiest press chieftains, Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook, have started a simultaneous crusade against big armaments, inspired thereto, apparently, by Sir William Robertson's vigorous denunciation of war as 'a futile and wholly detestable thing' at the annual banquet of the Lincoln Chamber of Commerce. The Field-Marshal spoke somewhat out of the character of his profession when he poured scorn upon 'out-of-date platitudes urging the necessity of strong fighting forces.' This responds to the mood of the nation, if we are to judge by the practically unanimous approval voiced by the press of the ministers' decision to postpone laying down two of the three cruisers included in this year's naval programme. The *Spectator* says: 'We congratulate and thank them. Nothing is more valuable just now than a plain sign flashed through a night of misunderstanding that Great Britain wants peace and means to have it.' And the pro-Baldwin *Saturday Review* greets the announcement as 'the best piece of news the Government has given us for some time — good from every point of view. First, it is a quick response to the very remarkable evidence in the country of a desire for some gesture of disarmament. Secondly, it shows a real attempt at national economy. Thirdly, it affords a brilliant reply to the criticism of Lord Cecil, who in the House of Lords on the same day as the cut was announced defended his resignation by declaring that Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet had no genuine interest in disarmament. Lastly, coming as it does after the failure at Geneva and on the eve of the discussion in Congress of the United States Navy Department's new building programme, it shows America that Great Britain has no inclination to enter into naval rivalry

Disarmament Conference

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with her, and is, in the face of a temporary lack of agreement, ready to make independent curtailments.'

Russia was given a headline position in practically every Continental report of the early sessions of the Geneva Conference. It was generally understood that her presence was partly a manœuvre to reëstablish diplomatic connections with Great Britain, but she naturally had other objects in view, including the propaganda value among the working classes of Western Europe of her dramatic pronouncement in favor of universal disarmament.

Marching Miners

American press characterizations of the two hundred and seventy Welsh miners who marched from their homes to London to present their grievances graphically to the public and to the Government as a 'Coxey's Army' are hardly accurate. They were more properly a delegation from a sorely distressed industry crying for aid. A hike across the maximum breadth of Great Britain in the inclemency of an English November was no summer excursion. Those who undertook it were, for the most part, strong and sturdy young men, who arrived in London fitter than when they started, having, according to their own account, 'been better fed these last ten days than for many months past.' The story they told was one of unexampled distress in the South Wales mining villages, where seventy thousand miners are unemployed, and in some places two miners of every three are out of work. Local unemployment funds have for the most part been exhausted, and in many places the Boards of Guardians are virtually bankrupt. Furthermore, conditions seemed to be as poignantly distressing in other coal districts, if we are to credit a correspondent of the *Irish Statesman:* —

'I am writing this letter under the fresh and terrible impression of a visit to the coal fields of Durham and Northumberland, in company with an authority on the facts of industrial England, Walter Meakin, second to none on the English press. We found conditions that are altogether indescribable: collieries falling into decay; unemployment among the Durham miners amounting to nearly one third of the total at work two years ago; villages in which almost the entire body of wage-earners is on the dole, and towns in which the local rates are between twenty and thirty shillings on the pound. The plight of the coal industry, from South Wales to the northeast of England, is the most urgent and depressing — mainly for reasons related to events and conditions in Europe. But cotton and wool, shipbuilding and steel, are carrying to-day a load of unemployment hardly less severe than coal.'

The Empire in India and Egypt

The British Parliamentary Labor Party did not actively oppose the Government's Indian Commission Bill in the House, but it agrees with Hindu Liberals and Swarajists that the Commission set up to draft an amended constitution for India is not a satisfactory body. In a resolution adopted by an overwhelming majority it declares: 'The British Commission should consult from time to time on equal terms with a commission appointed by the Indian Legislature. The two commissions should both hear evidence, and should both make reports for submission to the Joint Parliamentary Committee.' Sir John Simon, the Chairman of the present Commission, — who, it will be recalled, is a Liberal leader, and not a member of Mr. Baldwin's Party, — summarized his reasons for accepting the Cabinet's appointment as follows:

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'The British Parliament has a tremendous responsibility to the peoples of India. It is a responsibility which cannot be denied or evaded, for it is rooted in history and in the facts of the world to-day. If, therefore, the future of India is to be one of peaceful progress, — as all men of good will both in India and in Britain intensely desire, — this can come about only by the action of the British Parliament combined with the coöperation of India itself. Both these are provided for by the scheme of investigation and consultation, of which the work of the Commission is the first stage. The Commission does not go to India with any idea of imposing Western ideas or constitutional forms from without; we go to listen, to learn, and faithfully to report our conclusions as to actual conditions and varying proposals from within. . . . The task of the Commission calls for the highest qualities of sympathy and imagination, as well as for endless patience, strict impartiality, industry, and courage. I enter upon my part in this duty intensely desiring to be of what service I can to India and to Britain.'

Great Britain's relations with Egypt are apparently growing better. King Fuad opened Parliament, upon his return to Cairo from his visit to London and the Continent, with a Speech from the Throne read by Sarwat Pasha, the Prime Minister, presenting a most optimistic view of the situation. He reported that, as a result of his friendly conversations with the British Minister, it was hoped to reconcile the divergent points of view of Cairo and London on the subject of Egypt and the Sudan, and to cement a formal alliance between the two nations. He also hoped to abolish or greatly modify the capitulations. The latter are a relic of the former Turkish sovereignty over Egypt from which New Turkey has already emancipated herself. They grant, by virtue of old agreements made with European countries, special privileges to the subjects of those countries residing in Egypt, of which the most important are exemption from certain taxes and the right to have civil suits, and many criminal cases, in which they are involved tried before tribunals presided over by European or American judges. Simultaneously with this betterment of England's position at the key of the Suez Canal, the London War Office has announced its decision to increase the garrison at Malta — a hint, according to the London *Outlook*, that 'the Mediterranean is not a Latin lake, but an international highway.'

France

By the time these lines reach our readers, press dispatches may have reported that the Chamber has passed M. Poincaré's Budget. No startling development has occurred in the domestic politics of the republic during the past few weeks; but were we to judge by the alarmist section of the press, a portentous spirit of unrest is abroad in certain quarters. Three home-rule papers in Alsace-Lorraine have been suppressed for virulent pro-Germanism, several journals in alien languages have suffered the same fate for alleged Communist propaganda, and more than eight thousand foreigners have been expelled from the country as suspicious characters. Discontent is prevalent in both the army and the navy, where its expression is invariably dubbed Bolshevism. Meanwhile the Clericals, who are ordinarily a strong prop of the established order, are divided by the dissensions fomented by the *Action Française*, which is now under the interdict of the Church.

Late in November a coalition cabinet composed of Clericals, Liberals, and Socialists, which had guided the des-

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tinies of Belgium since May 1926, a longer period than any preceding ministry since the war, resigned because the Socialists demanded a reduction of compulsory military service to six months. It was immediately succeeded by a Clerical-Liberal cabinet under the same premier, Henri Jasper. The situation suits the Socialists admirably, for they believe that their Party will be strengthened for the general election of 1929 by a year of opposition, especially since it has withdrawn from the Ministry for a popular cause.

Belgium's Cabinet Crisis

Germany may apply to her government the remedies for hard times that her business men have already applied to industry — rationalization and concentration. But while Socialists and Democrats have criticized, and their opponents have rather favored, trust building, party attitudes are reversed when it comes to political reform. Dr. Breitscheid, a Socialist leader, writes in *Vorwärts* regarding the proposal to reduce the several states of the Reich to administrative departments under the close control of the Central Government: 'We did n't send the Princes to the Devil to keep alive a dozen and a half full-fledged capitals. What we want is a unified republic.' The Prime Minister of Prussia has pointed out that the Reich and the separate states are now ruled by one hundred ministers and two thousand members of parliament, local and national, and that this is an unendurable burden for an impoverished and tax-ridden nation to carry. The Clericals, who hold the balance of power, are chiefly interested in the new school law, which is a step toward centralization. In this case the Socialists are on the other side, though for other reasons than the greater control over education the new system would give to the Central authorities. All in all, a general election before the year-end would surprise no one.

Germany

Fear lest the latent state of war which has existed between Poland and Lithuania since Zeligowsky seized Vilno in 1920 might develop explosive symptoms has given European cabinets considerable concern of late, but the acute phase of the recent tension between the two countries is reported to have abated at the moment under the nursing of the League. Of late the new Baltic states have drifted perceptibly nearer to Moscow, largely in response to economic necessity. We have recently referred to the new commercial treaty between the Soviets and Latvia. Lithuania, although it has a quasi-Fascist government and persecutes Communists, maintains close relations with Stalin's government. Now Esthonia, which has hitherto been more than cool toward the Soviets and correspondingly friendly to Great Britain, has had a change of cabinet which places the government in the hands of Radicals and pro-Slavists. This does not mean that Communism as a theory is making any progress in the hard-headed little peasant state and its neighbors, but that questions of commercial expediency are overriding political antipathies.

Eastern Europe

In Russia the fight between what appear to be the declining luminary and the meridian sun of the Communist movement, Trotskii and Stalin, continues to monopolize political interest. Trotskii's strength resides in his prestige as a revolutionist and in the fact that he is supported by many soldiers and by a small but noisy section of the urban proletariat. Stalin seems to have behind him the less active but solider and more enduring support of the peasants, small traders, and inde-

Russia

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pendent craftsmen. Stalin tried to expel Trotskii and his principal aide, Zinoviev, from the Central Committee of the Communist Party last summer, but failed. Not until October 23 were they eliminated even from the Executive. Now both have been drummed out of the Party itself, with ninety-eight of its most prominent members and ex-officials, including Rakovskii, but lately Ambassador to France, Kamenev, one-time Vice-Premier, and Karl Radek, Communism's most brilliant polemical journalist.

As a result of Trotskii's and Zinoviev's loss of Party rights, they must leave their quarters in the Kremlin and submit to the surveillance of the O. G. P. U., or up-to-date Cheka. This means that the Government can deal with them henceforth as unceremoniously as it deals with Monarchists and bourgeois recalcitrants.

Close upon the heels of the Hungarian bond forgeries, which set both the social and financial world, and the underworld, of Europe from Budapest to Paris agog, comes the exposure of another huge counterfeiting plot, to put in circulation millions of Russian chervonets notes. The centre of these operations was Germany, but the people concerned are Georgians and Russian émigrés. The participants profess to have had a political motive for their criminal undertaking — that is, to secure funds to finance a revolt against Moscow and to demoralize the Soviet currency. The British Government counterfeited Continental notes during the American Revolution, and innocuous plots to circulate counterfeit Confederate notes and counterfeit greenbacks were hatched on both sides of the fighting line during our Civil War. Such precedents hardly apply to the chervonets conspiracy, however, although Communist papers profess to have discovered behind it the — dare we say 'fine Italian'? — hand of Sir Henry Deterding, the Anglo-Dutch petroleum king, whose wife is a former Russian princess.

Southeastern Europe

Excitement over the Franco-Yugoslav Treaty seems to be blowing over. Mr. Marinkovitch, the Foreign Minister at Belgrade, has made a conciliatory speech in the Skupshtina, disclaiming hostility to Italy and opening the way for pleasanter relations between the two countries. Unless the foreign correspondents who flocked to Rumania when an alleged Carolist plot was scented there have been sadly deceived by reassuring public officials, conditions in that country are by no means as alarming as early dispatches indicated. The masses are said to feel little real enthusiasm for the ex-Crown Prince, or for dynastic claimants of any color; like our own Western farmers, they are chiefly interested in the recovery of agriculture and governmental economy. At present interest rates are exceedingly high, and business uncertainty paralyzes enterprise. Any government that can better this situation will receive the support of the nation regardless of its attitude toward the Throne.

Spain

Even politically apathetic Spain sat up and took notice when Señor Cambo, a wealthy Catalonian leader, suddenly announced his intention of reëntering politics. He did not propose, however, to enter the lists in favor of Catalonian separatism, which is the ideal of the rank and file of his people, but as a champion of a truly national policy. An article by him, and a reply by General Primo de Rivera, appeared in *El Debate*, the Clerical supporter of the Directory. The divergent opinions of the two gentlemen are of little interest to an outsider, but political gossip regarding the action of Señor Cambo still tickles the ears of

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Madrid and Barcelona café dwellers. It is to the effect that the doughty Catalonian has been put forward quietly by King Alfonso himself, as an alternative for General Primo de Rivera, who clings to his job as tutor-in-general to the realm with a pertinacity tiresome to his sovereign. Incidentally, the King's recent visit to Italy was taken in ill part by a considerable section of the nation.

Ethiopia to Java

Although the Tsana dam incident has been quietly smothered, the European press continues to revert to it. *Der Deutsche Volkswirt's* version of the affair is this:—

By their treaty concluded two years ago England and Italy fancied that they had virtually partitioned Abyssinia between themselves, with France as an unconsulted residuary legatee. France prompted Abyssinia to appeal to the League, however, and thus blocked the project. England and Italy were forced to register their treaty at Geneva, together with a declaration that it bound nobody but themselves, and that Abyssinia was not a party to it. But the British Government still failed to recognize the situation, and tried to dragoon Abyssinia into giving the contract for the Tsana dam to a British firm and agreeing not to divert any waters from it to irrigate lands within her own territories. 'Abyssinia has dared, however, to negotiate the contract for the Tsana dam with a competent American firm which has made a favorable offer. She has only negotiated, to be sure, without actually signing the document, for that can hardly be done without England's consent under the provisions of the Treaty of 1902. But England will either consent or will run the risk of incurring the resentment of the other party to the Treaty, whom she does not want to offend. Abyssinia will therefore use the water for her own cotton fields conjointly with any partners she may choose, whether the English Sudan, the Egyptian, or the American cotton interests.' The shade of Henry George may smile on this reform.

Lord Balfour's announcement that a land tax is to be levied in Palestine registers a revolution in the fiscal system of that country that may have a marked effect upon its agricultural development. At present cultivators pay a tax upon their crops, resembling the old tithes in England and more recent Soviet levies in Russia, the effect of which has been to discourage enterprise. The new tax will result — first, in an accurate survey of land holdings in Palestine, which has never been made for the country as a whole; second, in a detailed assessment; and third, in giving owners an inducement to get the largest possible returns out of their property.

A flurry of excitement has been caused in India by a resolution carried at the annual general meeting of the European Association, viewing with 'the gravest disapproval' the alleged active part taken by the Y. M. C. A. in politics, and requesting the English National Council of that body to recall those of its British secretaries who have shared in this agitation. Naturally the 'Y' authorities in India published a vigorous disclaimer of this charge, and a lively correspondence between the two organizations promptly ensued. Critics of the 'Y' contend that its officers throughout India and the Orient have favored local nationalist movements — that is, the Korean revolt against Japan; the Kuomintang campaign against Western, and particularly British, control in China; and the Swarajist agitation in India. The action of the military and naval authorities at Bombay in putting the Y. M. C. A. of that city out of bounds

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shows how violent this clash of sympathies and opinions has become. *Sin Yet-po*, a widely read Chinese newspaper published in Batavia, Java, has been suppressed by the Government for conducting Chinese nationalist propaganda, construed to be an incitement to the native population to revolt. The agitatory articles in question were printed, not only in the regular edition of the paper, but also in its women's supplement, and as a separate pamphlet bound in red with the Soviet star-and-sickle emblem on the cover.

Havana, 1928

We print elsewhere an editorial from *El Universal* which states what a great majority of Latin American governments would actually like to see accomplished at the Sixth Pan American Congress, due to meet at Havana this month. The Fifth Congress, held at Santiago, Chile, five years ago, was by no means a futile meeting, although the plans for an American League of Nations and for a general disarmament proposed there were not adopted. The failure of these policies, both of which had the warm support of the delegates from Washington, was due largely to the Tacna-Arica controversy and to the reluctance of Brazil to commit to an extranational authority disputed interests on her own frontiers. The Congress took a definite step, however, toward putting the United States and the other members on a more equal footing in determining the policies and administration of the Union. For example, the Secretary of State at Washington is no longer Chairman of the Council by mere virtue of his cabinet office. Since the Santiago gathering, moreover, progress along other lines forecast by its discussions has been reasonably rapid. Despite the Nicaragua tension, arbitration treaties and a series of agreements standardizing trade regulations and facilitating commercial intercourse among the members of the Union have been ratified by several of the states. Furthermore, the Pan American Union itself is growing into the image of a New World League of Nations, and if the new constitution now being drafted for it, which was debated in part at the Rio de Janeiro meeting of American jurists last spring, is adopted, progress in that direction will be accelerated. In sum, the evolution of the Union is in the direction of equality among its members, or as much equality as their great disparity in resources, power, economic development, and political stability permits.

Geneva and Geneva's friends in Europe, and all those across the Atlantic who regard North American prestige in the central and southern part of our hemisphere with a jealous eye, will watch the Havana proceedings critically. Brazil and Argentina are no longer members — or at least active members — of the League. Several American republics have never joined that body. Some of our Latin American sisters would doubtless like to cultivate the League as a safeguard against 'Yankee imperialism.' On the other hand, the question is raised abroad whether Washington does not exercise *in absentia* an undue influence over League affairs, through a cluster of American satellites who are members, somewhat analogous to that which London is supposed to exercise through the votes of India and the self-governing Dominions. To quote a thoughtful article in *Le Temps:* 'The United States, though systematically absent from the Assembly and the Council of the League of Nations, is really represented there by the delegates of the republics associated with it in the Pan American Union, which appear to be entirely under the influence of the Great Republic and are actually tools in its hands. It follows that, thanks to the

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ascendancy which Washington exercises over them, its government can, through their votes in the Council and Assembly, indirectly sway the deliberations and the votes of a League of which it is not a part, and toward which it recognizes no engagements, obligations, or responsibilities.'

THE FRANCO-YUGOSLAV TREATY

BRIAND'S GREAT ACT OF PEACE
— *Tevere*, ROME

BOLSHEVISM AND FASCISM

TWO NOTABLE ANNIVERSARIES
— *Haagsche Post*

BUSINESS ABROAD

PLANTATION investments, which are of rapidly growing importance in view of our increasing dependence upon the tropics for food and raw materials and the wide-range scattering of our savings in order to secure better returns upon them than the congested money market at home affords, are exposed to both climatic and commercial bad seasons, as has been illustrated during the last few years by the vicissitudes of rubber, sugar, coffee, and tea shares. Three years ago, for example, an unprecedented boom occurred in tea plantation shares, only to be followed by an abrupt reaction settling into a depression from which the business is only now emerging. This year brings a threatened tea shortage and the prospect of another boom in plantation dividends. The difficulties experienced in maintaining rubber prices under the British restriction scheme have called forth a number of new proposals to deal with that situation. One remedy suggested is to combine companies whose geographical situation permits, and associate these larger units in an Anglo-Dutch trust, like the Shell Oil

Plantation Investments

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Company, to control the principal sources of production. In November representatives of the principal sugar-exporting countries in the world, including Cuba, Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, met to agree upon a policy of restricted output in order to stabilize relations between production and consumption throughout the world. The price of Brazilian coffee has been controlled for many years through an ingeniously devised system of rationalized output and credits administered by the Government. Except for Greece, which has accomplished something similar in the case of currants, Brazil is the only country that has thus succeeded in fixing prices in the interests of producers rather than consumers. Recently the Government has added to its previous measures a publicity campaign to promote the consumption of coffee abroad, paid for by an advertising tax of 200 reis, or between 2 and 3 cents, on every sack of raw coffee shipped from the country. This tax is expected to yield about $25,000 a month.

Since 1913 the world's production of artificial silk has increased eightfold. Excise statistics show that Great Britain's output the present year will exceed that of last year by fully 71 per cent. Yet the British demand is greater than the supply, and mills are limiting some customers to 75 per cent of their requirements. In 1913 the United States stood at about the bottom of the column in this manufacture. To-day our country has far outstripped any other, with nearly 28 per cent of the world's output. Notwithstanding this, our weavers import large quantities from abroad. Italy ranks second among producers with 13½ per cent of the world's production, Germany and Great Britain follow in the order named, and France and Holland are taking a respectable position in the industry. This manufacture is still in its infancy in Japan, where conditions seem favorable for its expansion. Notwithstanding this remarkable progress, however, the quantity of rayon yarn made in the world is still less than one thirteenth that of wool and only about one sixtieth that of cotton, although twice as much artificial silk as natural silk already reaches the market annually.

British Items

Sir Robert Horne, who was President of the Empire Mining Conference in Canada last August, recently declared in an interview in England that the marketing of tin had become a British monopoly. The position of this metal is peculiar, since no satisfactory substitute for it has been found, and 'the known resources are so limited in extent that, even if an immediate shortage be averted by extensive prospecting and the bringing into production of many additional properties in the East, any augmentation of supplies is likely before long to be counteracted by the elimination of many worked-out areas. Already a great decline is being predicted in the supplies from Bolivia, and there appears to be a definite limit to the tin belt which runs from Burma, through Malaysia, to the Dutch East Indian Islands. Although every effort is being made to meet present demands, world production is not materially greater than before the war, and the indications are that the prospects of any increase are not promising. The British Empire, with its production from the Malay States, Burma, Nigeria, South Africa, Australia, and Cornwall, contributes approximately 40 per cent of the world's output. Moreover, we have built up a large tin smelting industry capable of treating not only British ores but those of Bolivia and the Dutch East Indies, so that the

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control of the marketing of tin has in effect become a British monopoly, our smelters turning out some 80 per cent of the world's supplies. Except in Bolivia, practically all tin is won from alluvial deposits through the development of the method of treating low-grade alluvials by dredgers.' All of which is confirmed by the last report of the London Tin Syndicate, which paid its shareholders a dividend of 50 per cent last year.

The London *Times* congratulates Imperial Airways, Ltd., upon showing a working profit for the first time, thanks to the Government subsidy, in its third annual report: 'The profit in itself is not very great; it amounts, after providing £31,793 for obsolescence of aircraft and engines and making other allowances of a minor nature, to £11,461, which, deducted from the debit to profit and loss carried forward in March 1926, still leaves an adverse balance of £24,171. For 1925–26 alone there was a loss of £20,414. Whereas formerly the company was making a loss per passenger, it has in the past year, thanks to a reduction of 21 per cent in the all-in cost of operation, been able, with the inclusion of the subsidy, to show a profit per passenger. In other words, whereas previously the more passengers carried the greater the loss, the stage has now been reached where the company is able to welcome whole-heartedly an increased traffic. Actually in the past year traffic on the regular European services grew 26 per cent, while the trading revenue from those services increased 39 per cent. The past year was the first full year of operation with the multi-engined airplanes which were ordered in pursuance of the board's policy of creating as a first desideratum a goodwill based on safety and reliability. It is certainly a remarkable tribute to the company that since January 1, 1925, almost three years, it has carried 52,000 passengers and flown nearly 2½ million miles without a single accident causing injury to passengers. The company's subvention in respect of its European service amounted to £137,000. As the number of passengers carried last year was 16,700, the subsidy works out at a little over £8 per passenger. It would appear that public assistance to commercial aviation in Germany is much more substantial, the amount of the German State and municipal subsidies last year being £1,300,000 in respect of 56,000 passengers, equal to more than £23 per passenger.'

Great Britain's recently adopted plan for 'rationalizing' her electrical industries has encountered opposition from several important municipalities, who hold that the scheme is deliberately designed to destroy publicly owned generating stations and transfer their work to private power companies. Some municipal stations have already been ordered to cut down their production and to purchase the bulk of their supply from larger producers. None the less, this seems to be a step in the direction of cheaper electricity for consumers.

England and Holland keep in close business contact, thanks largely to their overseas interests and traditions. These explain their joint enterprise in petroleum, the effort to reach an arrangement regarding rubber, and the new international cartel of margarine manufacturers. The latter industry has been combined into two large companies — the British Margarine Union, Ltd., which with one or two big competitors like Lever Brothers, Limited, will virtually monopolize the business within the United Kingdom; and the N. W. Margarine-Unie, which will occupy a similar position in Holland. The two amalgamations have an aggregate capital of some 30 million

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dollars, and will be under the control of two Netherlands families, the Van den Berghs and the Jürgens, although a British earl will be the chairman.

Efforts to reach a labor settlement in English woolen mills have broken down, but employers have not at present writing given the anticipated notice of a wage reduction. Since the former collective agreement between them and their operatives has ceased to exist, any individual employer is at liberty, however, to change working conditions at discretion. Employers plead foreign competition, particularly from Germany, as a reason for lowering wages; but textile workers in the latter country have secured increases within the past two months ranging from 4 to 12 per cent.

Belgium shows definite signs of industrial revival, accompanied by an ability to undersell her neighbors in foreign markets. This is attributed by financial writers to her success last year in stabilizing the Belgian franc. It will be recalled that an earlier effort to do this failed, to the great embarrassment of the country. The second and successful stabilization was on the basis of 35 francs, or seven belgas, to the dollar. It was so successful that the National Bank has been able to maintain its reserve of gold and foreign bills without applying for foreign credits. Wholesale prices have fallen, but retail prices, which had lagged remarkably behind wholesale prices during the period of inflation, show some increase. Comparatively little unemployment is reported, and exports are larger than before the war or than any year since that catastrophe. The latest contribution to a Franco-German economic entente is the establishment at Berlin of a company affiliated with the great Paris department store, Galeries Lafayette. Ninety per cent of the capital of the new enterprise is German, and the management will be largely in German hands, but the Paris firm owns stock in the concern and will take an active part in its direction. It will also act as the Berlin company's purchasing agent in France.

Germany

Geheimrat Deutsch, Managing Director of the German General Electric Company, dwelt, in an interview upon his return from a recent inspection trip to America, upon 'a great difference, if not the most important difference, between European and American manufacturing, as illustrated by the electrical industry. While the German General Electric Company is compelled to produce thousands of articles of special design to suit the wishes of its customers at home and in other European markets, its parent firm in America deals with a clientele familiar with the same business practices and having identical tastes. . . . A vast public that wears collars of the same pattern, cravats of the same color, and garments of the same cut naturally calls for the same kind of electrical appliances.' Herr Deutsch thought, however, that sentiment was more hostile to big industry in the United States than it was in Germany, and he was apparently surprised at the extent to which the Government watches over and regulates private business in America.

Railway reconstruction is making steady progress in Soviet Russia, and the length of lines to-day is greater than before the war. Indeed, the extension is notable, for while in 1913 the railway mileage in the territory of the present Soviet Republic was only 59,456 kilometres, in 1926 it was 74,426 kilometres. During the last four years the number of locomotives in working condition has increased in round numbers from 7000 to 11,000,

Eastern and Central Europe

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the number of passenger cars from 13,000 to 17,000, and the number of freight cars from 296,000 to 387,000.

Czechoslovakia's exports exceeded her imports during the first ten months of 1927 by more than 1886 million crowns, which is the best showing since her government was established. She ships more to Austria, Germany, Great Britain, and Hungary than she buys from them. On the other hand, her purchases from France, the United States, and Belgium exceed her sales to those countries.

Italy

A Rome correspondent of *Journal des Débats* cites as instances of the industrial embarrassment into which Mussolini's deflation policy has plunged Italy the fact that Savona not long ago sent a committee to Rome to inform the Government that its iron and steel works, shipyards, and machine shops, which are among the most important in the Kingdom, had been obliged to dismiss half of their employees. A local builders' journal points out that while the population of Turin increased by 29,000 during the five years before the war, the number of rooms added to the city's housing facilities was 56,900. During the ten years ending with 1926, however, although the population has increased 95,000, the number of rooms built to accommodate this growth is only 54,000. Despite this shrinkage, almost no new construction is being undertaken. Notwithstanding the business depression, however, reports of new industrial enterprises and of the extension of older undertakings continue to be received. An Italian-Mexican Trading Company has been founded at Turin to import and sell Mexican oil and asphalt; Snia Viscosa is about to erect a large factory in the neighborhood of the same city; and the Unicas Chocolate and Biscuit Company, likewise of Turin, which is affiliated with Snia Viscosa, announces an increase of capital from 120 million lire to 180 million lire.

Sudan Plantation Syndicate, Ltd., the biggest cotton corporation on the Nile, marketed fibre and seed to the value of more than 20 million dollars last year. The Syndicate's interests are far-flung, — it even has a small investment in Brazil, — but its principal plantation, which is in the Gezira, a triangle of irrigated country between the White and Blue Niles, has more than one hundred thousand acres under crop, and yielded last year about 450 pounds of lint per acre.

Australia announces a new Federal tariff which among other things gives increased protection to the domestic iron and steel industry. It also increases British preferences by nearly 7½ million dollars, estimated upon a basis of total customs collections, bringing the total of these preferences up to 50 million dollars. Last year Australia's imports exceeded her exports by about 100 million dollars. This is attributed to heavy foreign borrowing, and in the opinion of some observers indicates an extravagance of expenditure that may prove a menace to the ultimate well-being of the country. Installment buying is held responsible for part of these credit purchases. On the other hand, the chairman of the Australian Mercantile Land and Finance Company, a British corporation with large pastoral and commercial interests in the Commonwealth, while admitting that 'an excess of borrowed money does induce extravagance on the part of both the government and individuals,' observes that 'a new and undeveloped land requires large sums of money to help it along,' and asserts that 'the great bulk of the borrowed money has been well spent, and has enormously increased the production of wool, wheat,

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meat, and other export products.'

Japan

The commercial editor of the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* bursts into this lament over the country's decline in trade: 'Nobody could say that 1926 was a very brilliant year, but 1927 is easily a worse one; for he would be an optimist indeed who could extract comfort from the thought that, though the total trade for nine months had declined 223 million yen as compared with the corresponding period of 1926, the decline in imports accounted for 208 millions of this large sum. Still less comfort can be extracted from an examination of the details of this decline in imports. Japan obviously gains nothing from the following cuts in her import list.'

	1926 9 months	1927 9 months
Raw Cotton	¥631,158,000	¥501,078,000
Oil Cake	109,575,000	92,416,000
Ammonia Sulphate	36,809,000	26,485,000
Iron and Steel	83,980,000	70,353,000
Wheat	80,276,000	43,968,000
Machinery	68,891,000	61,259,000
	1,010,689,000	795,559,000

The writer's argument, of course, is that the decline in imports of raw materials means a decline in manufacturing, which he proceeds to prove by the following examples.

	1926 9 months	1927 9 months
Cotton Tissues	¥312,086,000	¥287,235,000
Cotton Blankets	2,729,000	2,243,000
Hats, Caps, and Bonnets	7,665,000	6,478,000
Pottery	27,056,000	23,009,000
Iron Manufactures	10,533,000	9,006,000
Brushes	5,505,000	4,459,000
	365,574,000	332,430,000

On the other hand, last year witnesses a wholesome, if painful, clearing up of an exceedingly bad banking and financial situation, with the elimination of numerous weak and unsoundly managed institutions, and the concentration of funds in strong concerns having the confidence of the public. The result has already been felt in a reduction in interest rates, which has brought the cost of money down to the lowest figure since 1919.

Not only the business world of Japan, but even the noncommercial section of the public, is taking extraordinary interest in the fortunes of the Hoshi Pharmacy Company. Its founder, a certain Mr. Hoshi, is a very remarkable man, who has built up an enormous business partly by taking shrewd advantage of certain peculiarities of his countrymen's psychology. No small part of his present fortune comes from trade in opium and morphia, and he prides himself upon having been the first Japanese chemist who succeeded in manufacturing the latter commodity on a commercial scale. His ventures into this shady region of the drug traffic ultimately exposed him to a criminal prosecution over his dealings in Formosan opium, which resulted in a fine of one million dollars, most of which, however, has been remitted. Another of his schemes is to improve foodstuffs by subjecting them to intense cold, a process which he has attempted to exploit through a pamphlet published in the English language. This enterprising promoter's commercial literature, moreover, abounds in extraordinary accounts of how much he and his employees love one another, how in times of stress they all have wept together, and how they are working shoulder to shoulder to make business a religion. The Company has established a system of chain stores, the proprietors and employees of which are graduates of a commercial school established by its founder at a reported cost of nearly 5 million dollars. As a result, these stores are operated

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by Hoshi devotees, who are bound to him by both moral and material ties. The firm issues bonds the interest upon which is paid in tickets redeemable in medicines at its pharmacies. It is reported that these tickets for pharmaceutical supplies have proved so popular that dividends on the Company shares will hereafter be paid in them.

Argentine Problems

Although Argentina exported about 14 million tons of cereals and linseed last year, inland shipping conditions are exceedingly primitive. The country has practically no grain elevators. Consequently farmers are compelled to sell their crops to buyers who receive it, ship it by rail, and load it on vessels in sacks. This is not only a very expensive method, but one that places the farmer utterly at the mercy of the buyer, as he has no facilities for temporary storage, either at the nearest railway station or at tidewater. Furthermore, there is no public inspection of grain, such as exists in this country and Canada, and naturally, since there is no bulk storage, no system of grain warrants exists. Added to these difficulties is another, which is the subject of lively criticism in the press, and apparently affects only the government railways and not those owned and operated by private corporations — the alleged collusion between politicians and favored constituents for the prompt placing of grain cars in the shipping season. Quite naturally, therefore, agricultural interests are up in arms against what they denominate an overgrown and self-centred urban electorate which monopolizes the attention of Congress, and insist upon prompt legislation to remedy their grievances.

Another question worrying farmers and planters not only in Argentina but likewise in Uruguay and Brazil is the immigration controversy with Italy, Hungary, and Rumania, whence most of their labor comes. At the Interparliamentary Conference in Rio de Janeiro the Italian delegates, supported by those of the two other countries mentioned, insisted, under threat of drastic restriction of emigration to Latin America if their demand was refused, that their countrymen should be guaranteed by treaty special schools in their new home, where they should be taught, in their own language, the history of their native land and loyalty to its government and institutions. This demand, as we have intimated elsewhere, has provoked resentment throughout Latin America, where it is stigmatized as an attempt to impose capitulations analogous to those from which Japan long ago emancipated herself and against which China and Egypt are now protesting. Notwithstanding the recent depression, the Peruvian Corporation, a British enterprise which is one of the largest foreign companies operating in Peru, reports a successful season for 1926–27, with a net income of some $1,600,000, principally due to increased railway revenues.

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LEADER PAGE TOPICS

PROBLEMS OF THREE CONTINENTS

INTERNATIONAL PROBLEMS OF THE NILE VALLEY[1]

ATTENTION has been drawn to the international problems of the Nile Valley by two events — the completion of the preliminary conversations in London between Sir Austen Chamberlain and Sarwat Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, regarding the future relations between Egypt and Great Britain, and the passage through England of an official representative of the Abyssinian Government bringing, for submission to his principals, a signed agreement with an American firm of contractors for the construction, in Abyssinian territory, of a barrage to regulate the outflow from Lake Tsana into the Blue Nile, which is that branch of the Nile which has been allocated, as between Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, to supply the water for Sudanese irrigation. The connection between these two problems arises from the hydrographical unity of the Nile Basin.

Politically, the Valley is at present divided between a number of separate units — Egypt, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Uganda, and Abyssinia. Of these only the last is a fully sovereign and independent state, both de jure and de facto, a status confirmed in 1923 by the admission of Abyssinia to membership in the League of Nations. Of the others, Egypt is independent in name, in virtue of the unilateral British declaration which was made in February 1922 in substitution for the British protectorate over Egypt which had been declared in 1914 after the intervention in the Great War of the then Ottoman Empire, of which Egypt had been juridically part. But this Egyptian independence still rests on the fiat of Great Britain alone. It is not yet a status established by agreement between Great Britain and Egypt and recognized by other countries, and the four questions which the British Government reserved in 1922 for future Anglo-Egyptian negotiations so drastically curtail Egyptian independence that the title, as things stand, is somewhat misleading. As for the Sudan, its future status depends on the ultimate terms of settlement between Egypt and Great Britain, since it is one of the four reserved questions just alluded to. At present the Sudan is de jure under an Anglo-Egyptian condominium resting upon the Anglo-Egyptian agreement of 1899, while de facto, since the elimination of the Egyptian garrison and the Egyptian officials in 1925, in consequence of the disturbances of that year, it is under an exclusively Anglo-Sudanese administration. Finally, Uganda is a British protectorate.

These countries, with their diverse political, social, economic, and geographical conditions, are linked together by the waters of the Nile, which flow from Abyssinia and Uganda to unite in the Sudan and to pass through Egypt to the sea. This, of course, is not in itself an unusual situation. There are many international water

[1] From the *Economist* (London financial and commercial weekly), *November* 12

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systems, both in the Old World and in the New — the Danubian system, for example, which, in the post-war political map of Europe, is divided between no fewer than seven sovereign independent states. In most of these cases, however, the chief international problem that arises concerns the use of such common waters for navigation. The special feature in the problem of the Nile is that irrigation is the principal purpose for which its waters are of value to the riparian countries; and in the nature of the case irrigation leads, even more surely than navigation, to international difficulties. Navigation, after all, is a question of common use, whereas irrigation is a question of dividing and allocating between different claimants a limited water supply.

For this reason the question of the Sudan is by far the most difficult of the four questions reserved for settlement between Great Britain and Egypt; for the crux of the Sudanese problem is precisely the allocation of the Nile waters — a question which is as vital a national interest for Egypt as the passage through the waterway of the Suez Canal is vital for the British Empire. This water question emerged in the crisis which followed the assassination of Sir Lee Stack. Britain's temporary withdrawal of her undertaking given in 1920, to restrict the amount of land to be irrigated with Nile water in the Sudan to a stated area for the time being, created more sensation than any other point in the Government's ultimatum. The subsequent cancellation of this withdrawal was the first stage in the gradual improvement of Anglo-Egyptian relations which has led up, after two years, to the conversations which have just taken place in London. Meanwhile a mixed Anglo-Egyptian commission of experts, under neutral chairmanship, has investigated the whole question of the Nile waters, as far as Egypt and the Sudan are concerned, and has presented a report which is understood to have commended itself to both governments. It may be conjectured that this approximation toward agreement over the technical aspects of the crux of the Anglo-Egyptian problem has done more than anything else to prepare the way for the recent conversations between Sir Austen Chamberlain and Sarwat Pasha.

The upshot of these conversations, which are only the overture to formal negotiations, has not been made public; but Mr. Baldwin, in his survey of foreign affairs at the Guildhall Banquet on Wednesday, referred to them in optimistic language. He stated that both parties had reason to be satisfied with what had been achieved so far; and he expressed the hope that foundations had now been laid on which we may presently build a firm structure of Anglo-Egyptian friendship, so as to ensure to Great Britain and to the British Empire the defense of their essential interests and the possibility of discharging all their international obligations, and to Egypt her freedom and independence and proper position in the comity of nations.

In this country, any measure of agreement between the Government of the day and the Egyptian Government which promises to lead toward some constructive and permanent arrangement between the two countries is not likely to become a controversial question of party politics. The next step, therefore, has to be taken not in London but in Cairo, whither Sarwat Pasha is now returning — presumably in order to see how far the policy on which he has embarked commends itself to those on whom he depends for support in the Egyptian Parliament. The outlook there is uncertain, since Sarwat Pasha is the head of a coalition

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ministry in which his own followers are in a minority, and in which his colleagues of the Wafd have the last word. The unknown factor is the effect on the policy of the Wafd of the death of Zaghlul Pasha, their celebrated leader. Zaghlul had committed himself and his party very deeply to a policy of intransigence. Will his death enable the Wafd to make a new departure? Or will the intransigence of Zaghlul dead be still more formidable — as sometimes happens in the case of such leaders — than the intransigence of Zaghlul in the flesh?

Meanwhile all Egyptians and all Englishmen who desire an Anglo-Egyptian understanding may congratulate themselves on the fortunate accident that, at the moment when this second and particularly delicate state in the slow progress toward such an understanding is about to be entered upon, the question of the Nile waters has been raised again in a form which brings out the truth that in this matter there is a common interest, as well as a potential difference, between Egypt and Great Britain. The provisional agreement mentioned at the beginning of this article between a representative of the Abyssinian Government and a private American firm, for the construction of a Blue Nile barrage in Abyssinian territory, not only affects the interests of both Egypt and the Sudan, but affects them in the same way, and it will naturally fall to Great Britain, in close consultation with the Egyptian Government, to look after both Egyptian and Sudanese interests in this matter.

This is all to the good — the more so inasmuch as we see no reason to suppose that the Abyssinian Government intends to violate the Anglo-Abyssinian Agreement of 1902 by confirming this provisional agreement without consulting the British Government. No doubt we should have preferred to see the contract go to a British firm; but if Abyssinia prefers that it should go to the citizens of a country which has no local political interests, it will be acting within its rights, as long as the arrangements are made in consultation with us on terms that are equitable to the two countries downstream. Provided this is secured, it does not matter to Egypt and the Sudan whether the works in Abyssinia are constructed by Englishmen or by Americans. And if Americans are preferred by Abyssinia, we shall only be paying the price for the error of our diplomacy two years ago, when we went about the business the wrong way by coming to an understanding on the subject with Italy without consulting Abyssinia.

GERMANIC AMERICA AND LATIN AMERICA [2]

We are already familiar with the word Latin America and its meaning. It has now been suggested by an Argentine writer that we oppose to this term another one, Germanic America, to designate the United States and Canada. The two words are equally plausible, and equally misleading. The Germanic strain was obvious in the origins of the great people who occupy the northern portion of our common continent, and who have developed more distinctive national traits than we have; nevertheless the Yankees would repudiate the designation as artificial and far-fetched, although they are as a rule less sensitive about such things than we are. They would resent any such tag as tending to question their individuality as a nation. For they pride themselves that they are the makers of their own fortunes, beholden to no one for their success.

[2] From *El Sol* (Madrid Liberal daily), *November* 12

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On the other hand, Spanish America welcomes the designation Latin America, or at least does not repudiate it. Yet it is a term coined for a political purpose by countries like France and Italy, who seek to rob Spain of an honor that belongs to her alone. The debate may seem merely a family question inspired by undue vanity. But there is something more at stake — for instance, in the attitude of the Paris press which insists on calling visitors from our country 'Spaniards from America' instead of Spanish Americans.

We need hardly dwell upon the fact that the Iberian Peninsula was not a Latin country in the days of Columbus and the conquistadores. Goths, Arabs, and Iberians had formed an inseparable fusion there, an ethnic amalgamation which owed only its religion and its political institutions to Rome. The Castilian of Buenos Aires is far remoter from the original Latin than the New Yorker of English descent is from the primitive German. The gulf between Jupiter and Rio de Janeiro is much wider than the gulf between Odin and Washington.

Our good-natured acceptance of the term Latin America, in current journalese and society notes, encourages the creation of a genealogical myth, and is an unworthy denial of our legitimate ancestry. The United States was founded by English colonists. But it does not boast of the fact. Its pride is in the present. It seeks its glory in the future, not in the past. This is unquestionably the manly attitude. Countries like Mexico, which have begun to take a lesson from the same book, already show as a result a certain strengthening of national morale, which is unhappily confined in other Spanish American countries to a limited group of intellectuals.

For the present, therefore, while our nations are still in the character-forming stage, let us combat this term Latin America. Let us insist on being exact, for this is a case where the literal truth is an inestimable national asset. We may properly speak, however, of Spanish America — a word which accords more closely with the facts, and which, moreover, fortifies our consciousness of race solidarity.

THE COMING PAN AMERICAN CONGRESS [3]

If there is a real foundation for some of the reports recently published relative to the Pan American Congress which is to meet in Havana next January, that body is about to experience a sensational transformation. If it undertakes to discuss, as is now intimated, international policies and questions of real and burning importance, it will cease to be a purely academic and perfunctory gathering and will actually serve a useful political purpose.

Possibly the rumor that Mexico and Santo Domingo propose to bring certain phases of international policy before the Congress is merely the expression of a hope. We sincerely trust, however, that this hope may be converted into a reality.

According to our information, the Latin American republics, or at least a great majority of them, will be quite satisfied if the Congress adopts a formal resolution to the effect that no state shall, either directly or indirectly, for any motive or provocation, occupy even temporarily any portion of the territory of another state; and, furthermore, that even the consent of the government of the state whose territory would thus be occupied shall not render such an occupation legal, or in any way diminish the responsibility of the oc-

[3] Editorial in *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily), *November* 29.

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cupying Power for violating its international obligations.

Unquestionably such a resolution would affect primarily and almost exclusively the United States. Therefore the principal obstacle preventing its adoption at Havana will be the inflexible determination of the Washington Government to prevent Pan American congresses from discussing questions of a vital political character. Nevertheless, the increasing and glaring futility of these meetings, which are rapidly losing even the moderate authority and prestige they formerly enjoyed and are regarded with growing distrust by the member states, has undoubtedly impressed diplomatic chanceries and made measures to counteract this tendency imperative. The Pan American Union is threatened with progressive paralysis; it needs an infusion of new blood.

Questions of public health and postal regulations are interesting enough in their way, but they fade into nothingness when themes of vital importance present themselves. That was evident at the Pan American gathering of jurists at Rio de Janeiro, — which was in a way preliminary to the Havana Congress, — where certain questions of international policy, not unrelated with the rumored proposals of Mexico and Santo Domingo, were discussed and acted upon. The Havana Congress will be a general meeting, and its attitude toward these questions will be the more significant. On the other hand, if it refuses to consider them, its failure to do so will also be far more significant. It will be tantamount to an emphatic profession of imperialism, in utter disregard for the public opinion of the continent.

That the delegations from each country will presumably be composed of able and responsible gentlemen is not in itself enough. Their prominence and learning will avail them nothing if they confine themselves to soporific debates about matters of secondary importance and waste their time and energy on a round of sumptuous banquets and showy ceremonies.

As a matter of fact, the important political question, the only question which will arouse any real and spontaneous interest among the delegates, is the question raised by the Mexican and Dominican proposal. Independence, self-determination, autonomy, continental equilibrium, the sovereignty of weaker nations, respect for their territorial integrity, are all embraced in an engagement not to occupy another nation's territory, even with the nominal consent of its rulers. Such consent is the last line of defense of imperialism. It is relatively easy for a Power incomparably stronger in money and military resources than its neighbors to obtain this fictitious consent, just as it is possible to set up what is actually a fictitious government. . . . In insisting that the consent of the political authorities who chance to be in office shall not justify the occupation of a nation's territories, we appeal the question from those authorities to the people of that nation as a body.

This is the essential thing in dealing with imperialism in its double aspect of aggression and submission. We know quite well that the people of the United States do not want to occupy foreign territories or to annex any country in Latin America; that the American people as a body would never give their consent to such a forcible invasion of the rights of others. The issue is between a group of private interests that manipulates the Government of the United States on one hand and a group of selfish interests manipulating the government of the country betrayed. The Chamorro treaties were not made by the people of Nicaragua. The exist-

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ing status of Porto Rico, Panama, and Santo Domingo was never submitted to the popular verdict of those countries. This is why the authority of any government to represent a nation, in these extreme cases involving that nation's life and death, may quite properly be challenged. Governments are created to make and to administer laws, not to surrender sovereignty.

Will this be enough to clip the claws of imperialism? Possibly not. But at least it will deprive imperialism of one of the pretexts it most frequently invokes, an artificial legality to gloze over arbitrary usurpation.

SPAIN'S POLITICAL PARALYSIS [4]

ONLY one event has aroused a ripple on the stagnant surface of Spain's political life of late — the inauguration of the National Assembly. That body is appointed by the Directory, and its principal function is to draft a new Constitution, which a few optimists among its members predict will be a model for all Europe. So far, however, its principal effect has been to show that, if the Spanish public took little interest in its old Parliament, it has still less interest in its successor.

This confirms a suspicion that I have entertained for a long time as to the political temper of the Spanish nation. As a whole it does n't care a whoop what kind of central government it has. That indifference is not due to cynicism or self-abnegation, but to a backward political mentality. However it may seem to outsiders, Spain is a united nation only on paper. The average Spaniard is an ardent village patriot. He may cherish a feeling of loyalty for his province, but no conception of the State in its entirety has yet entered his head. That explains his utter lack of interest in either the former or the present government.

One may ask how the Directory has lasted for more than four years if the Spanish people are such political incompetents. The answer is simple. It has survived because there is no serious opposition, either popular or intellectual, to prevent the little oligarchical groups backing up the present rulers from having their way. Those groups include a section of the army, bankers, large manufacturers, the clergy, fragments of Maura's old following, a handful of discontented deserters from other parties, and a few miscellaneous recruits. These form an aggregation that fails by a long way to represent either the people or the intellectuals of Spain. Therefore, Primo de Rivera's government has survived because, notwithstanding two or three exaggerated conspiracies, no one has really tried to upset it. The masses are too indifferent to do so. Discontented minorities, which are more numerous than the censorship allows the world to know, have no stomach for governing the country.

Probably there is not another land in Europe where opposition groups are less eager to assume the responsibility of government than they are in Spain. The old politicians, of course, would like to get back into power, but they were accustomed for half a century to receive their authority as a sort of free gift from the king. Consequently they cannot nerve themselves up to making a real fight to recover it. They are afraid to risk their life or their liberty in the attempt, and they are equally timid about their property. A few fines imposed upon the politicians of mark in the old régime have been enough to dampen their revolutionary ardor once and for all. Called upon to choose between their purses and their political lives, they do not hesitate a moment to

[4] By Luis Araquistain, in *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily), *November* 29

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sacrifice the latter. It is hardly necessary to say that, with enemies so anxious to keep both their fortunes and their skins intact, the dictatorship may last for centuries.

Spanish Republicans are passing through a crisis. Possibly more people than ever before in Spain would like to see a republic. But that sentiment is diffused as yet; it is not crystallized into a programme; and it lacks leaders. Its old leaders waver both intellectually and psychologically. They waver intellectually because they are not clear in their own minds as to what kind of republic would suit Spain. The bourgeoisie fear that a revolution might become too social, too radical, and the working classes feel no enthusiasm for a Conservative republic. They waver psychologically because, even if they could agree upon precisely the kind of government they wanted, they lack material resources, and, above all, men of energy, experience, and political ability, to put a new system of government in operation.

The revolutions of the nineteenth century were mere toy games. One group of politicians threw another group of politicians out of the government and enjoyed the fruits of power, while the country's affairs went on just as before. Such revolutions were hardly skin-deep. But to-day, since the overwhelming transformation in Russia, and since modern government has become so complex, a sobering sense of responsibility has seized the abler and more influential class of reformers. Boldness and aggressiveness are no longer enough to carry through a revolution. It must have competent men at its head, and a great number of competent men, if it is to succeed. It must be piloted by leaders of exceptional energy and executive ability. Otherwise it is condemned to failure from the outset. This feeling of responsibility, taught by hard experience, and strengthened by a realization of the tremendous national problems that a revolution in Spain must meet, has dampened the ardor of the men who would naturally head a new republican movement.

An analogous state of mind prevails among organized labor. As a matter of fact, its chiefs are even more skeptical as to what they could accomplish with political power than are the Republicans. They fear, and with good reason, that if they were to start a revolution, and it failed, it would ruin their trade-unions, which have cost them years of sacrifice and labor, and which are greatly benefiting, both materially and mentally, the working classes. Furthermore, Spanish Socialists foresee even more clearly than do the Republicans the difficulty of operating democratic institutions in a country so backward politically and economically as Spain, and a country where conditions are so unfavorable for the application of collectivist theories.

Similar doubts are even stronger among those strange political Hamlets, the Spanish Liberals. Their first and foremost difficulty, although they probably would not confess it, is to decide what form of government would be best for Spain during the transitional period. That would have to be settled before considering the larger questions, whether the country should be a monarchy or a republic, and, if a republic, whether it should be bourgeois or socialist. What kind of provisional government should be set up to deal in the peremptory way the exigencies of the situation would demand with such historical issues as the Church, the big estates, the army, illiteracy, and business monopolies? Could this task be safely entrusted to a fictitious democratic régime, like the one that preceded the present government, where powerful private interests would always be able to defeat the

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public will? Or would it be any safer to confide the fortunes of the country to a man of iron? That is the fundamental dilemma which presents itself to Spanish Liberals.

So it is that the present dictatorship threatens to endure indefinitely, largely because the country has no competent and self-reliant men with a definite political will of their own. Spain's men of action have usually been Conservatives. The few Liberals of that type which the nineteenth century produced have passed away, leaving no successor. The parliamentary system of the Restoration of the Regency destroyed the spirit of Liberal initiative, and the nation is now back where it was in 1800. As long as the new generation refuses to recognize this and lacks nerve to deal with the situation as our ancestors did, there will be no important political change in Spain, even if Primo de Rivera should vanish from the stage.

Only two things may change this situation — a great, unforeseen national emergency, such as seldom occurs in history; or a new spirit of self-assertion on the part of labor reversing its present policy of abstaining from political action. For labor is the only force in Spain that may disarticulate the present system.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE [5]

THE first reports of the meetings held under the auspices of the newly formed League of Peace in Industry have begun to come in.

As a matter of fact, I sent them in. The meetings have not yet been held; but I thought I had better get the reports done now in case I don't have time later. You know how things keep cropping up.

First let me explain the Big Idea. The League of Peace in Industry was started by Sir Alfred Mond, who discovered that industry runs more smoothly when there are no strikes than when there are. It was a wonderful discovery, but Sir Alfred is in the chemical line, where they are always making discoveries. It is a common thing, for instance, for an industrial chemist to start out to analyze a jam for traces of apricot or plum and discover a synthetic substitute for the pea in a referee's whistle.

It is not surprising, then, that Sir Alfred, having set out to analyze industry for traces of peace, found some trade-unions. 'Dear me,' he is reported to have said.

Pursuing his researches, he found that large numbers of trade-unionists take an interest in politics, even to the length of sending representatives to Parliament. He therefore formed the L. of P. in I., and the first step was the conference at the Mansion House recently, to which labor leaders were invited to come and discuss the possibilities of P. in I. The invitations were sent out by Sir Rowland Blades, Lord Mayor of London, who recently returned from Italy and said we needed a Mussolini in this country; consequently he was in the mood for Peace in Industry, having just come from the country where it is made.

The importance of this conference cannot be exaggerated, though several people have tried. No such step forward toward the liberation of mankind has been taken since the Diddlebury-in-the-Wold Rural District Council decided to widen the road outside the 'Seven Turnips' and erect a street lamp at the corner opposite Mr. Spottle's.

At the conference Sir Alfred Mond delivered his opinions on the need for industrial peace. Fresh from his discovery that the workers elected their own representatives to Parliament, he

[5] By Yaffle; in the *New Leader* (London Labor-Party weekly), *November* 4.

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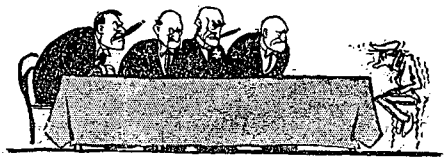
said, 'We must keep this question apart from all politics.' He deprecated the use of industrial problems for political purposes and personal aggrandizement.

Now all responsible persons — all persons, that is, whose unearned income exceeds five hundred pounds a year — will agree with this. To bring



'Labor was well represented'

politics into industry is worse than shooting foxes, and nearly as bad as eating pudding with a spoon. And as for personal aggrandizement, everybody knows that the proper thing to do is to make a million out of other people's work rather than try to aggrandize yourself by getting another halfpenny an hour. It gives me, if I may use a common expression, a pain in the *medulla oblongata* to note the increasing tendency of the workers to use political methods for remedying their imagined grievances. This tendency is causing grave concern throughout the length and breadth of the country, from Kensington to Hampstead, not stopping at Camden Town.

'A section of political thought,' said Sir Alfred, 'has gone out deliberately to create a feeling of discontent and hostility between those engaged in industry.' Here Sir Alfred strikes the keynote of the whole business, and makes it clear that the aim of the League is to persuade the workers to leave politics and personal aggrandizement to those whom God meant to have them.

The first of the meetings under the auspices of the L. of P. in I. was held at our local Conservative Club, with Sir Daniel Drawthecork, who owns the High Street, in the chair. Labor was well represented by a nonunion dustman, who was invited on condition that he did not say anything. Sir Daniel Drawthecork said that the only way to get peace in industry was to get rid of them trade-unions. 'It's them,' he said, 'as causes all the trouble.' He thought that if the men would only do as they was told and listen to them what know better than they did themselves what was good for them, his business for one, to name only a few, would buck up same as it done when he give the town them lavatories. He was n't making no promises, but he thought the town would n't do bad with a new football field as was n't on the slant, but first he got to see whether the workers was going to show a proper give-and-take, as they might say.

The second meeting was held at Tykewyke, Yorks. It was not very successful, as the labor representative insisted on speaking. Lord Longpocket, owner of the Tykewyke Colliery, presided. His Lordship, on rising, found it made him too tired, and sat down again, delivering his speech from the chair. He said it was necessary to show a proper give-and-take spirit, and that the source of all the trouble was the number of people who deliberately en-

'A proper give-and-take spirit'

couraged a feeling of discontent. A miners' official agreed with His Lordship, saying that the people who did most to encourage discontent were those who refused to abide by the findings of the various coal commissions

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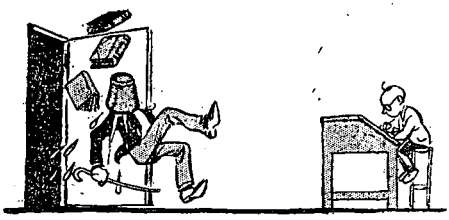
and preferred to lower wages rather than reorganize the industry on up-to-date lines. He thought the first duty of the League was to examine the workers' grievances and see how they could remove just causes of complaint, such as hunger and wet feet.



'People who deliberately encourage discontent'

The chairman said that was not the way to encourage peace in industry, and demanded that the labor representative leave the hall. He did so, and the proceedings terminated satisfactorily, a resolution affirming the need for peace in industry being carried unanimously.

The third meeting was remarkable for the fine speech of the chairman, Mr. Solomon Salesweek, the outfitter. He said he had an inherent belief in the stability of the British workingman, whose sound common sense had brought him through many a crisis in the past. Provided a real spirit of give-and-take existed between employers and employed, he saw no reason why the coming year should not be one of unparalleled prosperity.

This speech created a profound stir. A week later it was announced that it had been awarded the Nobel Prize for the finest utterance of the year. But on the appearance of this statement a shoal of letters was received by the Nobel Committee, proving that exactly the same speech had been made at no fewer than 942 city banquets, 14,559 company meetings, and from 53,774 Tory platforms. As the Nobel Prize must be given in a lump sum and not divided up, the award had to be rescinded.

That does not, however, detract from the beauty of the speech.

JAPAN'S SUBSIDIZED PRESS IN CHINA[1]

PROPAGANDA CLINICS

BY J. A. J.

Up to the time of the Washington Conference, the Imperial Japanese Government carried on an intensive press propaganda in China. In China, inclusive of Manchuria, the Japanese authorities controlled a large number of newspapers and periodicals printed in the English, Chinese, and Japanese languages. Huge sums — from the independent newspaper man's point of view — were spent in financing them and, generally speaking, in pushing them along where otherwise many of them would have speedily expired. As a matter of fact several of these newspapers and periodicals went out

[1] From the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai American English-language weekly), *November 5*

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of existence promptly after the general curtailment of press and other propaganda subsidies at the conclusion of the Washington Conference. These grants may be divided into several classes: —

1. Regular subsidies, monthly or quarterly.
2. Irregular subsidies, such as carrying of deficits up to a certain amount.
3. Grants to writers whose attitude to the Imperial Japanese Government is a favorable one.
4. Grants to publishers friendly toward Japan.
5. Indirect assistance.

Until the Conference the Tokyo Government supported eight English-language publications and a host of Chinese- and Japanese-language publications in North, Central, and South China and in Manchuria and Korea. During the time of the intervention in Siberia it caused a Russian-language newspaper to be published under the title of the *Vladivo Nippo* at Vladivostok.

Under the heading of 'Indirect Assistance' writers and publishers are still furnished with sure-fire letters of introduction to Japanese corporations, industrial companies, dockyards, railways, and the like, requesting the favor of support to the bearers of these introductions, in the shape of advertisements and subscriptions. These letters of introduction never fail to bring good results, for they are in fact more than mere introductions — they are a command to assist Mr. So-and-So of the Such-and-Such, since the publication in question is friendly in its attitude toward Japan. One American publication in Shanghai, armed with such a letter of introduction, secured enough Japanese advertisements and subscriptions to make up for losses in other directions — of course, in consideration of a friendly attitude toward Japan. In the case of another Shanghai publication, which has since changed hands, the Japanese Government caused the Yokohama Specie Bank to finance purchases of that newspaper's shares, and in that manner a Japanese was, by virtue of the great number of shares he represented, appointed to the paper's directorate.

It is easily understandable how these letters of introduction are capable of effecting the desired results when one considers that such corporations as the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the South Manchuria Railway, dockyards, spinning mills, and colonization companies are all in receipt of government subsidies or grants themselves, and are all, consequently, semiofficial institutions.

The withdrawal of government support from Japanese-language dailies after the Conference was welcomed even by the Japanese in China, Manchuria, and Korea, for it tended to eliminate incapable editors and publishers and to consolidate the position of the worthier ones. Irresponsibility has always been a feature of Japanese journalism in those countries. Erroneous statements have often been willfully left uncorrected, or, if corrected, the correction made in the smallest type available and tucked away between advertisements in such a manner that hardly anyone would notice it. If the editor or the paper's reporters had a grudge against a person, the columns of the paper would be filled with scandalous stuff concerning him, written in such a way that, although everybody knew to whom the attack referred, the victim would have no recourse at law.

The Japanese Foreign Office imposes its policy on any given subject upon a great number of newspapers scattered over China and Manchuria

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through its legation and consular authorities, who call their editors together from time to time and give them points and hints as to what to say. Sometimes the consular people go beyond the limit, and thereby cause embarrassment to the Foreign Office!

In China — inclusive, of course, of Manchuria — all Japanese news agencies enjoy subsidies or grants, and the tendency now is to increase the support given to them and to decrease that accorded to the press. In Japan, the *Kokusai* used to be the mouthpiece of the Government. That service has since been taken over by a group of Japanese newspapers and run under the style of the *Associated Press of Japan*. In China, the *Toho* receives the largest support, and has access to all the intelligence departments of the Japanese Government. The news agencies seem to be less irresponsible than the newspapers, but that is not saying much. 'Incidents' are often exaggerated, and fictitious 'opinions' quoted. Any Chinese outburst against foreigners or the foreign Powers is made capital of, whereas Chinese outbursts against the Japanese are either minimized or grossly exaggerated, as the emergency requires. Dispatches supplied in English to foreign newspapers do not necessarily agree with the tone and contents of those furnished Chinese and Japanese newspapers.

Independent Japanese organs exist, of course, in China, Manchuria, Korea, and Formosa, as in Japan proper, but they are subject to censorship, and the people running them are liable to deportation to Japan, as happened to the editor of a Tsingtau Japanese paper who found courage enough to criticize his own authorities. All Japanese journalists in China are subject to the whims of their consular and police authorities. It is, perhaps, not very widely known that British journalists in China are affected by certain ordinances in Council; but the position of the independent Japanese journalist in China is a good deal worse. If he shows independence of his consular authorities he stands to lose certain news facilities. The writer personally knows of several who have not only been barred from news sources, but have also been deprived of other privileges, including membership in clubs. While under official displeasure, these unfortunate men are ostracized as though they were ex-convicts.

Japanese residents in China above the intelligence of the average shopkeeper are fairly conversant with the situation there, and those who understand English sufficiently well make it a point to subscribe to some English-language paper or review, so as to keep informed concerning the real situation — and invariably they place greater confidence in nonsubsidized organs.

The Japanese police exercise great powers over the suppression of publications and the contents of publications. They are forever on the lookout for manifestations of 'dangerous thoughts.' This is particularly true of Korea. Newspapers are suppressed upon the slightest pretext, and Korean newspaper men are daily fined, scolded, or imprisoned 'for not complying with the press laws.' Even newspapers coming over from Japan are sometimes prohibited from circulating in Korea. It may be all right for readers in Japan to read them, but in Korea they come under the category of 'dangerous thoughts.' And even foreign newspapers are not immune. By virtue of their independence, the *Japan Advertiser* and the *Japan Chronicle* enjoy a large circulation among missionaries in Korea. These papers are often withdrawn from the post on

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account of their 'dangerous' contents, particularly the *Japan Chronicle*.

The editorial policies of the English-language publications have often not tallied with those of the Chinese- and Japanese-language publications. For example, while English-language papers may be counseling American-Japanese friendship, Chinese- and Japanese-language organs may be at the same moment publishing red-hot anti-American propaganda. During the height of the anti-Japanese feeling in China, following the presentation of the world-famous Twenty-one Demands, these Chinese- and Japanese-language organs strenuously endeavored to divert Chinese hostility to the United States! Things are now conducted on a different footing, for the Japanese Government has learned that many foreigners in China are pretty well conversant with the Japanese and Chinese languages. The average Japanese assumes that the foreigner does not know his tongue. Being poor linguists, they consider others like themselves. The result has been that Japanese-owned Japanese- and Chinese-language publications in China have made many a serious blunder.

In the matter of the English-language organs the Japanese Foreign Office long relied upon British propagandists. It must be remembered that the first regular writer of this class the Imperial Government had was the late Captain Brinkley, and he was quite successful under the circumstances. An excellent writer, and a pretty good logician, he had the knack of calling a spade an agricultural implement. Some Japanese statesman or other — perhaps it was the late Viscount Okuma — once declared, 'Brinkley's pen has been worth more to us than a battleship.' But Brinkley was the only successful propagandist the Japanese ever had. The rest did Japan more harm than good. Could anything ever be more crude than the assertion of a certain British editor on the pay roll of Japan that, instead of presenting but twenty-one demands, the Japanese Government might have presented a good many more? Or that of a Tientsin journal that the Washington Conference might well be called a 'Conference for the Purpose of Curbing the Power of Japan'?

As a result of these blunders the Japanese Foreign Office has, in recent times, turned more and more to propaganda work in other directions, and has, as far as possible, employed Americans for this purpose. The *Japan Times and Mail* is under American editorship, the South Manchuria Railway has an American in its publicity department, and the publicity work of most Japanese semiofficial corporations is in the hands of Americans. Even such an important publication as the London *Times* now no longer has the same kind of pull it formerly had with the Japanese Government. That journal used to issue regular Japanese supplements — and Heaven alone knows how much money a Japanese had to part with for them!

Whenever possible, the Japanese Government has endeavored to suppress, and in some instances has managed to suppress, independent foreign writers and publications. The *Korea Daily News*, published by a British subject at Seoul, was persecuted and forced out of business and the *Seoul Press* established in its stead. The history of the *Japan Chronicle* is one long story of police interference and activities that are worthy of a better cause. And rumor has it that the late Mr. Robert Young was offered a handsome fortune on several occasions for his fearless newspaper.

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But times have changed, and the Japanese Government has since discovered that better propaganda can be achieved in other fields than through dishonest journalism. For example, by subsidizing steamship companies it has the satisfaction of seeing the Japanese flag carried to the poles of the earth; by subsidizing industries it succeeds in stimulating a demand abroad for Japanese goods; by establishing hospitals and educational institutions in China proper and in Manchuria, Formosa, and Korea it gains great merit for its cultural work; and so on and so forth. All this is honest endeavor, and ever so much more worth while than wasting money upon publications and propaganda of questionable value.

TEN YEARS' COMMUNISM IN THE BALKANS[1]

A SOCIALIST POST MORTEM

BY Z. TOPALOVIČ

[DETAILS and doctrinal allusions of minor interest to most American readers have been omitted from the following article.]

MANY people wonder why the Labor movement, which was so strong in the Balkan countries before the war, has accomplished so little. Certainly labor organizations were stronger both politically and economically prior to 1914 than they are to-day. Furthermore, they reached the acme of their power between the conclusion of peace and 1923. Their present weakness, therefore, signifies a defeat — indeed, a catastrophe — which requires explanation.

Several causes for this unhappy state of affairs might be cited. Great economic changes have occurred, accompanied by the rise of a new peasantry which has absorbed a section of the former proletariat. New nationalities have come to the front, dividing what was formerly a comparatively homogeneous mass of workers by new political frontiers. Important industries have experienced acute distress, which has been felt severely by their employees. Others have passed into the hands of the government, with a deplorable effect upon the independence of their personnel. Last of all, with the introduction of universal suffrage, bourgeois parties have manifested a new interest in the welfare of the working classes, whose only political friends formerly were the Socialists.

Naturally we cannot discuss all these causes of the decline of the Socialist movement in the space of a brief article. I merely enumerate them to forestall the criticism that I have overlooked them; for I here propose to deal with a single, but a very important, cause of this misfortune — the success of the Bolsheviki in getting control of the working classes

[1] From *Der Kampf* (Vienna Social Democratic monthly), *November*

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and practically driving their former Socialist leaders from the field.

Between 1919 and 1922 Russian Bolshevism swept like wildfire through the rank and file of the Balkan working people. Its emissaries preached the forcible seizure of the government and of factories and works — a programme irresistibly attractive to ignorant laborers in times of crisis. That explained its initial success. 'Get control of the State,' these agitators cried, 'and everything else will be added unto you. To destroy capitalism there must be dictatorship. Concentrate on that.'

Communist leaders like Trotskii assured their followers that it would be easier to seize the government and set up a dictatorship in the less developed countries, where industry was still in the handicraft stage and a peasant economy still prevailed, than in the highly organized capitalist nations. They regarded the 'uncapitalist' countries of Eastern Europe as outworks to be captured before conquering the great capitalist strongholds of Northern and Western Europe. Consequently their attention was first directed to the Balkans.

Almost every Balkan state presented favorable conditions for such propaganda. The people were in indescribable misery after the long war. Their territories had been the scene of protracted fighting and of occupation by foreign armies. Their old governments were destroyed or discredited, their civil service disorganized, their armies in chaos. New states were in the process of formation, whose civil and military authority was not yet firmly established. Where were the prospects better for overthrowing governments and setting up dictatorships? So the Bolsheviki seized time by the forelock. First of all they sought to wrest control of the Labor movement from its Socialist leaders. Not until they had the workers on their side could they upset the existing régime. They easily accomplished that initial part of their task. But they failed miserably in the second, which was to capture the State, and by this failure they carried down to defeat with them the whole Labor movement. The reason of their failure was the fundamental falsity of their programme. The moment it was put to the test, it proved utterly impossible to convert a population of peasants and small artisans to the gospel of abolishing private property and turning the instruments of production over to what was virtually an alien dictatorship.

In Serbia the Socialists for a time enjoyed great prestige. They had steadfastly denounced the war, which had become anathema to the common people. Consequently voters flocked en masse to the Social Democratic Party, which soon had more than one hundred thousand members, while two hundred thousand enrolled in the trade-unions. The Party supported six widely read dailies. It was a great political power. Then came the Bolshevist invasion. At first the old Party leaders, elated by the rapid growth of their organization, refused to recognize the danger. Indeed, there were no precedents to teach them caution. But the dramatic success of the Bolsheviki in Russia, glowing pictures of the Soviet paradise there, painted in high colors to dazzle the eyes of an inexperienced and credulous proletariat, and the glamour of the sudden success of the Soviets in Hungary, captured the imagination of the masses. Utter strangers suddenly began to speak with authority in our labor organizations, and in remarkably short time they had seized positions of influence. Yugoslav soldiers who had been war prisoners in Bolshevist Russia

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during the revolution there and had been put through short courses in the propaganda schools came back three thousand strong to work for the cause of their teachers. Agitatory pamphlets flooded the country. Communist cells sprang up everywhere. So when Party conventions were held enthusiastic Communist delegates appeared mysteriously from the smallest villages, and soon were in a numerical majority.

Budapest, during its brief Bolshevist régime, saw its only safety in Bolshevizing Yugoslavia. Its rulers were flush with confiscated funds, which they used lavishly for propaganda. Austro-Hungarian crowns became our current coin. They were shipped by the bagful from the note presses of Budapest across the border.

Even then the Conservative Socialists refused to recognize the new situation. They looked forward to a speedy restoration of their former ascendancy over the working classes. They clung to their old theory of evolution. They counted upon experience to teach the workers the error of their ways. So they reconciled themselves to working for a time in the rank and file, and although they saw the Party going over from Socialism to Communism they preferred to stay within the organization rather than to start a new party of their own. In any case the Communists had the laboring classes for the time being completely under their thumbs.

Rumania repeated with slight variations the history of Yugoslavia. In Bulgaria the Bolsheviki were favored by an already existing split between the radical and the conservative wing of the Socialists, with the radicals thoroughly in sympathy with Moscow. In fact, that wing of the Party was in a majority before the war. On the other hand, the more conservative section of the Party, thoroughly antagonistic as it was to Communist doctrines, quickly recognized the danger and rallied valiantly to the defense of the older Socialist ideals. Nevertheless, it embraced but a small minority of the workers.

Greece had no organized Socialist movement, in the European sense, prior to the war. Such trade-unions as existed espoused middle-class ideals. The only Socialists were a few literary men. So when the disintegration of the war, with its eternal fighting between militarists, republicans, and monarchists, demoralized the country, the laboring classes, having no independent leadership of their own, naturally turned to the Bolsheviki for counsel and guidance. A rather interesting but somewhat sporadic Labor movement also sprang up in Constantinople immediately after the Armistice. This likewise took a Communist turn. In fact, most Labor movements are ultra-radical in their inception. Lenin was right in saying that extremism was the infantile disease of Bolshevism.

The year 1922 marked the high tide of Communism in the Balkans. In Yugoslavia and Rumania the Bolsheviki had completely captured the old Socialist parties. In Bulgaria they were even more firmly entrenched, for the government there was weaker and the country was in direct contact with Soviet Russia across the Black Sea. But the Bolshevist leaders had already discovered that they could not capture governments with the help of the wage-earning classes alone; they must also win over the peasants. Their inability to do this explains their failure. Exceptional conditions in Russia ranged the peasantry there behind a small working-class minority in the industrial centres. In the Balkans the two groups never struck up an alliance. Consequently the Balkan Communists had to look elsewhere for recruits.

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They found them to some extent among the discontented national minorities, who felt themselves oppressed by the new governments erected over them and were willing to smash things generally in order to overturn political institutions which they hated. The Bolsheviki joyfully placed themselves at the service of these insurgent elements. That was a tremendous blunder. It meant in effect selling the Labor movement to any malcontents who turned up, and the disastrous consequences of such a policy were soon manifest.

First of all, the Balkan states possess what Russia entirely lacks — a vigorous, powerful, free peasantry, disciplined by a century of fighting against its Turkish rulers. This liberty-loving element forms the foundation of every Balkan government, whose small freeholders have always been the backbone of its military power. Peasant boys accustomed to tilling the ancestral farm and conscious of having a stake in the country have made the very best type of soldier — first in the wars of liberation against the Turks, and later in the struggle to preserve and consolidate national independence. The wars of liberation were also wars of emancipation from feudal overlords. The agrarian revolution in the Balkans preceded by nearly a century the agrarian revolution in Russia. A generation of Balkan peasants had grown up thoroughly inculcated with the doctrine of private property and vitally interested in the private ownership of land, to whom the teaching of Communism, which is a purely urban dogma, was utterly incomprehensible and repugnant. That was the stone wall into which Bolshevist agitators rammed their heads. The peasants of Bulgaria, Rumania, and a part of Yugoslavia had a political party of their own. In the other Balkan countries they were enrolled in bourgeois parties. The attempt to seduce them into another organization proved an abject failure.

Another equally important fact was that an agrarian revolution in these regions would be of no service to Communism in any case. The Balkan nations were the outcome of the peasant's struggle for economic as well as political liberty. Consequently the bourgeois governments of those states were already committed to the policies the peasants wanted, and only too anxious to convert whatever landless country laborers remained into small freeholders. In other words, it was not an insurgent city proletariat, but the bourgeois authorities in power, who took up the cause of agrarian reform. That alone spelled the doom of Communism in the Balkans. It could never hope to propagate itself beyond the city gates, and cities are small affairs in this portion of the world.

Still another influence antagonistic to all Communist theories was the intense patriotism begotten in the people of the Balkans by the long series of wars of liberation that began early in the nineteenth century and continued into the twentieth century. Several generations in succession have fought for the freedom of their respective countries. They are filled with passionate loyalty to the nations which their sufferings and sacrifices have created. Out of the exigencies of these conflicts have naturally sprung rough and ready methods of dealing with political emergencies. It is no accident, for example, that Serbia has never had a king who reigned to the end of his natural life, and that the kings of Bulgaria and Greece have had to renounce their thrones, notwithstanding the traditional prepossession of their peasantry in favor of monarchical institutions. But for all these

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things — for patriotism and loyalty, and for the abrupt, energetic, and independent handling of national emergencies — Communism has no understanding. The Bolsheviki denounce patriotism and preach internationalism. Naturally, therefore, they have aroused intense hatred among a large class of the Balkan population.

Wage-earners form a minority in every Balkan country. They stand to the peasantry in about the relation of one to eight. During the distress and universal discontent that followed the war, the old Socialist leaders hoped to win the support of the peasants by a programme leaving private property in land intact and seeking at first only democratic reforms in the government. When the Communists began to preach dictatorship instead of democracy, they condemned the wage-earning classes to political impotence. Their teachings of violence and class war simply prepared the minds of the people for, and gave an appearance of moral justification to, equally drastic measures adopted by the bourgeois governments against the workers. Only in Bulgaria did Communism ever constitute even an apparent peril; it was mere child's play to suppress the agitation in the other Balkan countries. The Bolsheviki merely set the regularly constituted authorities more firmly in the seats of power. And the most deplorable consequence of this was that the workers not only lost their organization, but also their morale. The abject failure of Communism, coupled with the vigorous measures taken by the different governments to suppress its sympathizers, has profoundly discouraged the working classes. They have lost their faith in their old idols, and have become skeptical of salvation by class agitation. They have withdrawn by tens of thousands from their trade-unions and their old political parties; and they have deserted in flocks to bourgeois political organizations. Many of their leaders fatally compromised themselves by undignified wrangling over the subsidies from Moscow — as long as such subsidies were received. Only a man who has been through the war, and has seen with his own eyes what a hopeless thing a conquered and demoralized army in full retreat may become, can form any adequate impression of the problem which the conquered and demoralized working masses of the Balkan states present to their natural leaders at this time. . . .

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WHY AMERICA IS N'T SOCIALIST[1]

BY RENÉ JOHANNET

SOCIALISM is unquestionably the most significant political phenomenon of our time. It is completely upsetting our ideas of parliamentary government, and radically modifying for good or ill all our conceptions of life. For obvious reasons, we usually associate that doctrine with the Industrial Revolution. Its recruits come largely from the employees of the great mechanized branches of production that have appeared within the last one hundred years. Some correlation between the two developments is evident. Assuming that relation to be what Europe commonly assumes, however, Socialism must inevitably eventuate in absolute Communism. Quite naturally, bourgeois defeatists are deeply cast down by this prospect.

But social evolution never follows the route that we prescribe for it in advance. Its laws are infinitely too complex for their effects to be forecast. Nature has a thousand surprises in her box of secrets, and her ingenuity invariably exceeds our expectation. Without doubt, certain connections between Socialism, Communism, and big industry do exist. But the more we study the facts the less sure we are as to where those connections lead. We see, for example, the Scandinavian countries, although highly industrialized, evolving a material civilization where Socialism does not have the last word. We observe Italy giving birth to the Fascist movement at Milan, the most highly industrialized city of the peninsula.

Finally, of all the countries in the world, the United States is, in the strict definition of the words, the most highly industrialized and the least Socialist. The intenser its industrial development the more bourgeois it becomes. This seems to us incredible, but it is true. If we knew the Industrial Revolution only from the example of the United States, we should draw precisely the opposite conclusion regarding its relation with Socialism from that which we have drawn from the history of England, Germany, Belgium, and France. We should conclude that industrial progress and the rise of a bourgeoisie go hand in hand. Proponents of that theory might turn to modern Russia to clinch their argument by the law of contraries. For the only country where a Communist government has survived long enough to make an impression is the least industrialized region of any.

In fact, society is not a mere product of circumstances, though these of course help to form it. Human will and national character play their part. The United States is immune to Socialism or Communism partly because the character of its people, and partly because its physical environment, forbids. Since Taine the theory that environment absolutely determines national character has lost much ground. Nevertheless it is unquestionably a powerful influence. Montesquieu had dwelt upon its effect long before Taine adopted the idea.

[1] From *Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *November* 2 and 5

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Although Puritan antecedents have contributed largely to the American character, the nation did not begin to take definite form until about 1820. Since then unexampled industrial expansion, sustained by an unprecedented inflow of population from abroad, has resulted in marvelous growth. For more than a century America has stood in the popular mind of Europe for material opportunity. All the world sought the United States to make money. Wealth has been the economic mainspring of the nation's life. James Fenimore Cooper, who was a critical student of his countrymen, emphasized this in one of his stories a hundred years ago as well as could any modern European visitor.

The enthronement of the dollar in a nation without ancient traditions, without an aristocracy, without an intellectual caste, — indeed, where intellect is less revered to-day than it was in the time of Emerson, Thoreau, Poe, and Hawthorne, — has this significant effect — that wealth, and above all great fortunes, do not arouse the sordid envy which so largely motivates European Socialism. Consequently the United States has never resorted to that fiscal demagogism which levies taxes primarily to take away the possessions of the fortunate, instead of to meet the legitimate expenses of the State. Cherishing no dread of expropriation, its millionaires have not feared to call attention to their wealth. They have been able to give free rein to the natural ambition of every man to play a prominent part in civic life. They have, therefore, aspired to be public benefactors, devoting a large part of their wealth to founding museums, universities, and libraries, and to other community objects.

But it is not only the millionaires in America who are steadily growing richer. The sanctity of private property begets an accumulation complex among all classes of the people. As a result savings increase and the number of investors multiplies beyond precedent. Between 1913 and 1926 the owners of stocks and bonds of public and private corporations in America multiplied tenfold.

What is Communism essentially? Misdirected craving for wealth. Its proselytes seek some quick and easy way to better themselves materially at the expense of others. The doctrine appeals most strongly to the weak and shifty, who lack courage and initiative to fight the battle of life alone, and therefore run in packs, or take to the cover of the State. But natural selection and training have given Americans precisely the opposite mentality. They are descended from the more aggressive elements of Europe. Their ancestors were not men of the herd, but men of initiative and decision, who sought new lands and freely faced hardships to find wider scope for their natural energies. Appeals to the State and the call of the revolutionary mob were equally offensive to their ears. They relied on their own strength. America's social vices are not of the Communist order, but of a predatory and piratical kind. They are the vices of men who push ahead unscrupulously to their objective by the shortest possible route.

Again, the European workingman who espouses Socialism is generally an uprooted peasant or the descendant of one. In our country the factory has drawn its recruits from the land. In America it has drawn no small proportion of them from the immigrants. When the latter disembark they naturally turn to the factory for bread and support. The factory has not robbed them of their little patrimony or dragged them away from their ancestral fireside. Moreover, that factory often proves to be a finer place to work

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and live than they have ever known before. It is likely to be light, cheerful, healthy, with clubs and playgrounds, and not of a made-over group of ill-adapted ancient buildings in a congested section of a city, as it so often is in Europe. For reasons too complicated to examine here, the new arrival finds himself in receipt of a higher income than he ever enjoyed before. What more does he want? To own the place? To run it?

Well, if this is his ambition, it is one not absolutely impossible of achievement. In the first place, the shares in many great American corporations are very widely distributed, especially among their employees. That is not brought about by expropriation laws and government intervention. It is the outcome of a new industrial policy on the part of company managers, of the increase of savings among the working people, and of the growth of a habit of 'investing in the firm.'

American psychology, which is practical rather than theoretical, naturally directs the workman's efforts at social betterment into this channel. The public schools, the press, and other sources of social influence assist this tendency. The worker spends little time dreaming about a millennium; he wants immediate and concrete results. This same spirit makes so many wage-earners installment buyers. Incidentally, the man who is buying on installments is not a ready striker. High wages, through their correlative, a high standard of living, are tremendous incentives to assiduous labor.

We should not forget, in this connection, that no country more vigorously suppresses anarchist or Communist agitation than the United States. In fact, the Americans adopted the strong-arm tactics later associated with Fascism before the world ever heard of Mussolini.

Many of the conditions unfavorable to Socialism and Communism in America are due to the peculiar situation of the United States; they do not exist in Europe. Some of them will not last indefinitely even across the Atlantic. But the respect for property rights, the encouragement of thrift, and the spirit of self-help which underlie the American attitude toward all social theories are fundamental, and promise to endure.

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EXPLAINING BIG BUSINESS

BY A LAYMAN AND A PROFESSIONAL

THE CASE FOR TRUSTS[1]

THE breakdown of the Cotton Yarn Association in Lancashire and the attempt of the South Wales coal owners to form a cartel for the regulation of output and prices are significant symptoms of a phase through which British industry is now passing. There is a growing recognition that under the changed conditions of post-war markets our traditional methods of production and trade will no longer do, and that something more organized and efficient must be substituted for them. Even the trades which have been the sacred strongholds of individualism and competition are turning their minds to combination as a way out of their troubles, and are finding the transition far from easy. After a few months of unsuccessful attempts to regulate the cotton yarn market, the new association of the Lancashire spinners has for the time confessed its defeat. And, just as this attempt is ending in collapse, one of the largest bodies of coal owners is embarking on a very similar venture.

Most people — other than those devotees who gather at 'individualist' lunch parties and listen to the wisdom of the lonely Gladstonians — are now prepared to agree that in some form nearly every important industry needs a substantial measure of collective regulation. A 'combine' is no longer a thing to be denounced, as a matter of course, as a conspiracy against the public; it is commonly recognized that, while combination has its dangers, it is under modern conditions practically inevitable. It is scarcely plausible to hymn the virtues of unregulated competition in face of the present plight of the two huge industries in which it still dominates the situation — coal and cotton.

If the laws of the older economists had their way, it is plain what would happen in both these cases. In both, productive capacity greatly exceeds remunerative demand. From both, accordingly, capital and labor ought to be withdrawn until a new equilibrium becomes established; and so their troubles should be ended. That perfect mobility of capital and labor which the old economists invariably assumed ought, of course, speedily to squeeze out the surplus productivity. But in fact it does not — or does so with such intolerable slowness and in face of so many efforts to check its action that the results foreseen by the Manchesterian scholastics simply do not follow. The labor of miners and cotton operatives is far from mobile; and, if it were mobile, whither could it go? The new industries which are springing up can supply their labor needs without drawing on the helpless 'reserves' isolated in the coal and cotton areas. The capital sunk in pit or mill is not mobile; if production stops it is simply lost. Accordingly its owners will go on producing even when the return on their money has sunk to an exceedingly low

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *November* 19

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level. Obsolete mills and inefficient mines die very hard. Even when they have ceased to make a profit for their owners, debenture holders may carry them on in the hope of squeezing out their promised interest. Who could have thought the old mills would be so long a-dying? But they are — intolerably long; and countless doctors gather round, intent on prolonging their suffering.

Among these doctors are some advocates of combination. The Yarn Association, for example, tried to fix minimum prices that would keep the mills in production. This involved, obviously, restricting sales, and so risking the loss of further markets, when we have lost too many already. But there was a further plan in the minds of some of its promoters. There was to be an output cartel, and each firm was to have its rational share in the permitted total of production. These shares were to be transferable, and the weaker brethren were to be encouraged to sell out their shares to the stronger — in other words, to be compensated for refraining from production. In this way the trade would come to be concentrated in the hands of the stronger firms, and the interests of efficiency would be served. Clearly, however, this would saddle the better firms with an increased cost of production in the form of the compensation paid to the weaker. It might be worth while to pay a price — if not too high a price — in this form in order to escape the long-drawn agony of the ruin of the weaker firms. This was how the Yarn Association reckoned; but a good number of the better-situated firms saw matters in a different light. It paid them better to stand outside the Association, and get the trade by undercutting its prices. They have done this, and the Association has retaliated by dropping all its regulations, in the hope that a period of unrestricted competition will induce the reluctant firms, deprived of their advantage, to come to terms. Possibly this move will succeed, and the Association be reconstituted by general consent. Possibly it will fail, and the weaker firms be slowly driven out of the trade by protracted competition.

The above is, of course, far too simple a presentation of the problem. It would be natural to assume that the 'better firms' means the firms having the better technical equipment for production, and the 'worse firms' those which are behindhand in this respect. But this is by no means always the case. The 'worse firms' in Lancashire to-day include those which, despite the excellence of their technical equipment, are overburdened with heavy capital charges, — debentures, bank overdrafts, loan capital, accumulated during the period of inflated values, — which now swell their costs of production and hamper their productive efficiency. The 'better firms' include firms, technically worse equipped, which had the sense to avoid disastrous capital inflation during the boom. This distinction is the real obstacle to the Yarn Association's projects. Unless these unreal capital burdens are written off, no cartel will succeed in concentrating production in the most efficient mills. The breakdown of the Association may be regarded as a blessing if it compels Lancashire to undertake the measures of financial reorganization which are indispensable to any real or lasting recovery.

The South Wales coal owners — or any other group of coal owners — will come up against just the same difficulties when they attempt to grapple with their problem. Almost every industry is full of firms which owe their competitive inefficiency, not mainly to

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technical defects, but to an impossibly top-heavy financial organization. The courage to cut clear from this is the first requisite of industrial progress. Vickers, Dunlops, and certain other big firms have performed the unpleasant surgical operation involved in such reorganization, and are much the better for it. But far more firms have not dared to face it, and these stand at present sharply in the way of any effective organization of production or of the market.

Even if these difficulties can be removed, there remains the question whether the price and output cartel is likely to be really an efficient regulator of the market. The past history of such organizations, in this country at least, suggests serious doubts. Our greatest need to-day is to make our industries thoroughly up to date in their technique of production as well as marketing. But a cartel may easily result in actually hindering such readjustment. To limit output is to prevent in many cases the realization of the full economy of specialization and large-scale production. Moreover, in a cartel, which may always be brought to an end by the secession of some of its members, each firm continues to play for its own hand. There is usually no pooling of trade secrets or technical knowledge, and often no real attempt to concentrate production at each factory upon what that factory is best able to produce. The easiest course may often be to hold up prices by limiting the market, whereas what is wanted is a courageous policy of lowering costs by technical improvement, specialization, and the sharing of knowledge.

For these reasons, wherever the alternative is open, we are disposed to prefer the great combine formed by complete amalgamation of interests to the 'cartel' or association based on a mere terminable alliance. We are far less afraid of monopoly than of inefficiency; we would far rather have Sir Alfred Mond at the head of Imperial Chemical Industries than a board of a dozen gentlemen each thinking of the interests of his own firm even while he attempts to lay down collective regulations for a whole trade. We want to get real economies and improvements in production as the benefits of large-scale organization, and these are most likely to be secured where the interests of separate firms are completely and permanently combined.

Of course, the creation of great combines of this order brings with it problems of its own. The consumer must be protected and the trust controlled. But it is mere folly to seek protection for the consumer by means which involve the perpetuation of inefficiency, and that is what we are in danger of doing. If we are to have combines, — as under modern conditions we must, — we had far better have combines that are likely to benefit by cutting prices and increasing output through greater technical efficiency than combines which exist by holding up prices at the cost of restricting the market.

This view does not imply any wholesale condemnation of cartels, but certainly cartels are inferior substitutes for real unification. Above all, commercial secrets ought to be pooled over the widest possible area. It is ridiculous for industry to be held back because one firm has possession of a trade secret that is denied to its neighbors, while its neighbors possess others that are denied to it. And, apart from this, it is ridiculous that the best brains in industry should not be freely at the disposal of all firms that have a use for them. But without a large measure of unification it is impossible to make any effective approach to the pooling of the brains and the knowledge which indus-

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try as a whole sorely needs. Let us foster business amalgamations — on rational lines — by all means in our power. And then let us control them. It is easier to control the efficient than the inefficient — a lesson which we may fruitfully draw from the history of the coal trade in recent years.

The political world in general — and perhaps the Labor world in particular — has fundamentally to readjust its ideas on this subject of industrial combination. The old ideas of the beneficence of unrestricted competition die hard, even in the minds of Socialists who advocate the nationalization of industries. They want the State to unify; but they seem often to think that, till nationalization comes, the private owners of industry ought to be kept apart. That view unfortunately implies the postponement of any serious attempt to increase the productive efficiency of our major industries to a more distant date than we can any of us reasonably afford to contemplate.

TALKING WITH THYSSEN [2]

FRITZ THYSSEN, son of the recently deceased August Thyssen, Germany's greatest steel king, is now director of Vereinigte Stahlwerke A.-G., which with its capital of two hundred million dollars ranks next to the Chemical Trust as the largest business combine in the Reich. He is a large, vigorous man in the early fifties, who owes his leadership in the industry to his own ability and not to the fact that he is his father's son — except in so far as he had the inestimable advantage of his father's training. When I was admitted to his private office, in the great brick skyscraper that houses the headquarters of the trust at Düsseldorf, my first question was: —

'Dr. Thyssen, outsiders cannot see how a board of directors consisting of forty men, nearly every one of whom was until lately the head of an independent establishment, and several of whom were running the largest industrial undertakings in the country, manage to work together harmoniously. One would suppose that, quite apart from honest differences of business opinion, psychological difficulties would present themselves. Don't you encounter them? Or if I may be a little blunt, how do you yourself feel, Herr Doktor, as only the flywheel in this big machine, the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, after having been the whole engine in your own concern?'

'I might have found it hard when I was a young man,' replied the Doctor. 'I presume I should have felt at that time the psychological difficulties you mention. I remember, however, that my father, who was most assuredly an individualist and an autocrat, predicted twenty years ago that this thing was coming. Even then he was ready to be a simple member of a big combination. At that time I was younger than I am to-day, and I could n't reconcile myself to the idea. But now I can't say that I am conscious of any difficulty. Industrial combination has become imperative for other reasons than mere economic strength. It is forced upon us by engineering necessities we cannot disobey. A plant like our Hamborn works, for example, which is completely mechanized, — that is, organized for standardized production on a large scale, — reaches a point where it loses its elasticity. It cannot accommodate itself to fluctuations in demand as well as a plant where labor plays a greater rôle. In such a modern establishment it is much harder to shut down part of the

[2] An interview by Dr. Arthur Rundt in *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *November* 20

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works or to divert them to a different class of products. The factory is a unit, and it must be run as a unit.'

'So you mean, Dr. Thyssen, that your smaller and less modern works perform a valuable function as buffers?'

'Precisely.'

'That apparently means that a great trust like yours finds it desirable to keep its smaller units purposely a little backward — to maintain a certain per cent of nonmodernized plants.'

'It sounds like a paradox, but that is a fact. The situation is this. Our big modern works are designed for the quantity production of standardized shapes by an almost automatic process. Our smaller works take care of the fluctuations in demand and special orders. In many cases this does make it desirable that they should not be too highly mechanized. Getting back to the psychology of trust coöperation: when differences of opinion arise, we have learned to show more respect to the minority; we are very cautious about taking measures that an appreciable minority distrusts. In these matters a big business firm is incomparably more tolerant and considerate than a government or a church.'

This remark switched our conversation unexpectedly over to politics. Dr. Thyssen continued: 'We make a great many important political decisions in Germany to-day by bare majorities. The measures we adopt in such cases are often ill-advised and dangerous. Our Constitution does not protect us adequately against them.'

'But is that peculiar to the German Republic? Don't you find it everywhere?'

The answer flashed back like the crack of a whip. 'Not in the United States. The American Constitution gives the President a real check on legislation. He can return to Congress a bill submitted to him for signature, and it cannot become a law unless it is passed over his veto by a two-thirds vote of both Houses. That is a very wise provision; it is excellent insurance against hasty and ill-considered action.'

Our conversation then drifted to contemporary domestic politics, and finally to the mounting cost of the Government. Dr. Thyssen said: 'Do you know that Germany is paying her officials and civil servants upon an average as much per capita as does the United States? Is n't that an astounding situation when we compare America's vast wealth and revenues with our own poverty? We have given ourselves the most costly and complicated administrative machinery in the world. Big business has responded to the pressure of circumstances and has economized its administration, as well as its processes of production, to the utmost. Nothing of the sort has been done by the Government.

'Our political life since the war,' continued Dr. Thyssen, 'has been characterized by a tendency to consult sentiment rather than logic. That is a weakness evident in all parties, from the extreme Left to the extreme Right. We feel its effects particularly in social legislation. For example, we have to pay to the Government for various social services between one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars annually for every miner we employ. You can call this what you will — a tax upon the employer, or an indirect tax upon the miner himself. In any case, the money is paid. Eventually it comes out of wages. Consequently our miners can save nothing for themselves because they have nothing to save. As compensation for that they feel that the Government will support them, after a fashion, in times of distress and in old age. But that expectation dulls their energy and cripples their initiative. The American system works far better.'

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EUROPE COMES TO LIFE

HIGHBROW AND PHILISTINE VIEWS

I. RESTORATION OF THE REASON[1]

[THE first of these two articles appeared simultaneously in the *Neue Schweize Rundschau*, the *Revista de Occidente* of Madrid, and the *Monthly Criterion*. The second, from *Cyrano*, is written by the popular French humorist and dramatist, Clément Vautel, whose unpretentious Philistinism and common sense have won him a following almost comparable to that of Will Rogers in this country.]

WHAT is spoiling this summer afternoon for me? Everything is present that heart and sense could desire, everything needed to give wings to my spirit, everything that formerly on days such as this produced a deeper feeling of life and a clearer energy of thought: the sun shines down upon forest and river, the air trembles with the scent of roses, the sky is high and blue. And yet whence this faintness of the pulses, this sluggish crawling of the hours? Has something been destroyed in the world? The sultriness of the stagnant seconds seems to forebode a disorder of the elements and to emit a poisonous breath. It was in hours such as this that the romantic poets gave themselves up to the seductions of sinking into nothingness. The stars must have stood thus when Coleridge wrote 'Dejection: An Ode,' when Brentano sang '*Aus einem kranken Herzen*,' and '*Einsam will ich untergehn*.'

We know these temptations. They flatter our flesh and as it were execute upon the most tightly drawn fibres of our soul those intoxicating figures of sound which Chopin knew how to conjure up. But the intellectual centre of our being will not succumb to menaces like these. We do not wish to sink into solitary annihilation. There is too much at stake, more than in the time of our romantic forbears. Such hours of oppressive intoxicating summer-sadness show us the abyss, but work in us at the same time a catharsis. We must learn again the art of directing our emotional states by means of a conscious will. Formerly the expression used for this was simply 'control of the emotions by the reason.'

Has it perhaps been reserved for our age to restore Reason to her place and to reconquer for her the privileges of rank, dignity, authority, and the privilege of using rigor? That virile quality which can impose order and build is what we need more than anything else. It alone can give us a firm foothold in the midst of the spiritual anarchy of our age, and offer us a language which can everywhere be understood.

We hear much about a return to classicism. In France Cocteau raises the cry, *Retour à l'ordre*, and Massis would save us by the combination of *latinité* and Thomism. In England the *Criterion* is working for the restoration of the intelligence. But we must have a united European front in which all the great powers in the world of culture can participate. It must be possible

[1] By Ernst Robert Curtius, in the *Monthly Criterion* (London literary review), *November*

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to evolve a programme of spiritual sanitation, embracing all the constructive energies of Europe. Would it not be possible to come to some understanding here?

Construction, or, better still, reconstruction — such is at all events the aim toward which all efforts must be directed. We would no longer view our age as 'transition,' but, sure of our purpose, transform it from an *âge critique* into an *âge organique*. There are too many toys, hors d'œuvres, explosives, about. Our present type of intellectual production is undiscriminating, and therefore indicative of our weakness. For decades we have accustomed ourselves to sensing all delights and yielding to them. Now we must train ourselves to the opposite — that is, develop once more the capacity we had almost lost of resisting charms, of ordering our feelings according to their value, and not senselessly squandering our spiritual energies. We must exercise self-control in our spiritual nourishment — in what we take in and in what we create. In the language of political economy, what is wanted is rationalization of production. This comparison is not an arbitrary one. Business experts are to-day agreed that the economic world-crisis can only be overcome by standardization and control of production. The system of economic individualism and unlimited production of goods is condemned by evolution. The situation in the intellectual world is very similar. Here, too, hypertrophied production must be stemmed, and directed into sound channels.

Too much is being written.

Critics must wage war against the unfathomable vanity of authors. Some such clause as the following should be embodied in the code of public morality: Mere talent does not justify authorship. The dispersion and dissipation of our spiritual substance has reached a point where culture itself is gravely threatened. The intellectual conscience of the European élite must of itself come to the rescue here, before some revolutionary Moloch sets fire to our libraries or a new Attila devastates our fields. Prevent your talented young friends from writing, or at least from printing! Agree and combine to smother the mediocre and insignificant by a conspiracy of silence.

We have for years lent a sympathetic ear to what the ten successive 'youngest generations' had to say. It is perhaps time to come back to the truism that youth is only a possibility, not a realization. The idea of the 'generation' is the last resort of the insignificant and the spiritually impotent. If we have no aim, no tutelary genius, no will, and no inner necessity informing us, we can always appeal to the fact that we belong to a given year; we take refuge in the anonymity of the calendar. That the young began to stir had a meaning as long as they were still oppressed, or at least — for when was this really the case? — could imagine themselves oppressed. But those times are past, and it is necessary to-day to reëstablish the balance of the generations, to restore the natural hierarchy of the successive ages of man and the interplay of their functions. It is certainly to be looked upon as a dangerous symptom when a whole epoch is prepared to honor as oracular utterance the stammerings of youth. There is very little to be expected of a youngest generation that welcomes such a condition of exhaustion as a gain. True youth looks to maturity for a deeper consciousness of things and for strong leadership. But these elements of true youth are crowded out to-day by the greenly self-contented, who cannot even see that they will shortly have to make way themselves for the

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still younger generation who are pressing on their heels. It would be well that the young who are for ever harking back to Hellas should come to realize that the attitude toward youth of the Platonic Socrates in his deep wisdom was one of irony and affectionate mockery.

Irony is indeed one of the means which can help toward recovery from our present spiritual chaos. It disperses the gloomy fogs of pathos and the mists that cling round initiations. For irony also is an aspect of reason; it sweeps away the clouds and rediscovers the clear sky of Thought. It is the best weapon against the monsters of the subconscious and the hierophants of the dark mysteries that analyze the soul back to the genitals.

All forms of analysis have free play to-day. Let them proceed with their dissection of body and soul; let their complexes and traumata ferment and seethe together, and let them spice their neuroses with communistic messianism! But when all this has been granted, we must be allowed in the last resort to submit psychology, sociology, anthropology and all the 'ologies' to the Logos that must ultimately weigh, ponder, and decide.

It is this power that will have to reëstablish the hierarchy of the soul's spheres. Spirit is nothing if it is not the highest power of man. It can only affirm and fulfill itself when it governs. Spirituality and aristocracy imply one another. The anarchical condition of European intelligence is nothing other than the irruption of democracy into the sphere of the intellect. Our cultural situation is applied parliamentarianism. A few dozen or a few hundred philosophies, æsthetics, hygienes, are contesting in the arena of public opinion. He who shouts loudest is the most widely heard. The extremists make a show of importance and intimidate the middle parties. The session ends in pandemonium. What remains is repugnance and indifference. In the meantime, far away, in quite another place, elementary force is arming, force that with a diabolical grimace will bring all this crashing to the ground.

Things cannot so continue. But let there be no misunderstanding. We cannot abolish democracy, and would not if we could. It is a technical necessity. It will be perfected, as locomotives have been perfected. But in either we take only a technical interest. We desire good traveling guides — we desire the electrification of lines. We need a technique of democracy that works with the minimum of friction. We must even contribute to its improvement. For only when democracy has been completely 'technicalized' will aristocracy be able to be completely spiritualized. The spiritual problem of aristocracy only properly arises, and is only capable of solution, when democracy has attained its maximum and its optimum in the political and social sphere.

If the spirit seizes and utilizes this moment it can even become politically effective once more — for the simple reason that it cannot be done without, and that it will be sought for where it is active in its purest form and at its greatest intensity. But let us put these prospects out of our minds for the moment; the spirit must first put its own house in order. It must begin by recognizing that it is threatened by a principle completely alien to it, its exact contrary, the principle of democracy — nay more, what is worse, it is infected by it. This infection is evident when we perceive that all standards of value are being swept away and that the spirit calmly acquiesces. That it should accept this, that it should let itself be hypnotized

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by this equalizing process, that it should go so far as to further that process in its own name — it is in this that the malady consists. And here the remedy must be applied — a cure with the knife and with cauterizing fire.

There exists a hidden aristocracy of Europe. But it does not know about itself. Yet if its members came to recognize one another and to combine together they would soon be at one on a few essential points. Such an aristocracy would pass through the destructive criticism of Nietzsche and the ethereal wisdom of Goethe, who began as a *Stürmer und Dränger*, to culminate and perfect itself in the contemplation of the Eternally Valid.

Our literature expends itself in a waste of advertisement and publicity, our knowledge in historicism; our joys are squandered and dissipated in the dust of pleasure, our passions in thrills and nerve-shocks, our vital problems in vain discussion. But if we knew one another, we should form a phalanx, and save the sacred objects of our past, as Æneas the penates of Troy, to set them up and do them honor upon a new soil that holds the promise of future greatness.

It is no more a mere matter of literature. And it is no more a question of national idiosyncrasies. Neither Thomas Aquinas nor Boileau nor Dryden can give us what we want. Tradition that comes from books can help us no longer. But we must bring together all traditions which still live on in the body, the spirit, and the will. Has all the blood of the World War been shed in vain? And is it not time, in the tenth year of the sick peace, for us to take thought, to get to know one another, to collaborate together in a guild, a workshop, similar to those which went to create the cathedrals of our Middle Age? Reason is older than Descartes. It was at work in the Gothic master-architects. Through them it set its form on matter. Let us imprint its secret law of number upon the matter of our age!

We have learned much in these decades of analytic anarchy. But what use is it all, if we do not put the newly discovered elements and processes to the service of man? Our knowledge of the soul shows the same advance compared with that of La Rochefoucauld as the atomistic physics of to-day compared with the cosmology of Galileo. We understand the subtle structure of the consciousness. But have we learned to apply this knowledge, to utilize it in the interests of a more sensitive and wiser form of humanity, a loftier direction of our life, higher forms of human relationship? Or are we not still ruled by inherited reactions which we should by now have abandoned and which to-day are simply silly? We understand processes of nature and society which our ancestors did not even apprehend. But is there a progress toward agreement corresponding with this growth of comprehension? Are the practical methods which Europe employs to-day worthy of the intellectual standard which has been realized in a few hundred heads?

Our anarchy is to a considerable extent due to our apathy; our spiritual 'democratism' is the result of our indifference; our helplessness is the price we pay for our habits of routine and specialization. Specialization is rife not alone in science. Our art, our literature, are also infected by it. In these spheres of the spirit swarms of persons have come to settle who do nothing more than turn out napkin rings like Monsieur Binet, the tax collector in Madame Bovary's village. They fabricate regional novels or literary chronicles or pieces of animal sculpture; oratorios or odes; systems or linocuts. And they wish to be taken

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seriously; for the artist, the thinker, is traditionally a person worthy of respect. Yesterday that was still true, perhaps. To-day it certainly is so no more. The mere function of creation is no longer sacred. It only becomes so when it integrates itself into an order.

The specialist is indispensable. But he must remain satisfied with a subordinate position. What is needed are people with a synthetic consciousness. I do not mean by this nebulous metaphysicians, but clear heads, who in some sphere or other of human activity have first-hand practical and technical knowledge, and combine with this a general outlook embracing the entire situation of our age. In other words, specialists with a universal attitude and orientation. It matters not whether such people come from the sphere of politics, finance, industry, science, or art; they will understand one another, and will be able to speak together, thanks to the coefficient of universality common to them. On their shoulders rests the responsibility for the preservation, the recovery, and the renovation of Europe.

Seen from this point of view, neo-classicism or neo-Thomism, and such like, are merely specimens of ingenious carpentry. They have only a special interest, only a local significance. They are the provincial games of the Latins — if indeed there are still Latins in existence (but perhaps Latinity is only a fine word behind which unadapted Europeans can take refuge). But, to linger an instant longer over these examples, both these things, neo-classicism and neo-Thomism, become generally useful, applicable, and of real moment and actuality if we set aside their peculiar historial forms, their husk as it were, and get at their essence — the organization of the human domain by means of Reason that assigns values, imposes standards, decides and directs. This reason created valid forms in the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries. Our task is, not to resuscitate these forms artificially, but to revive the spirit which created them, and so to create a form of Reason proper to the twentieth century. Only so shall we overcome the various types of radicalism (unfruitful as they are, by definition) and attain that objective which is the most important of all to-day — the reconstruction of the European man.

All who do not want to surrender to Americanism or to Bolshevism must take their share in this task. Our artists must collaborate as well as our politicians, our philosophers as well as our architects. Nay, all will have to be architects — measuring, calculating, organizing master-builders of Europe.

II. THE COMING GENERATION[2]

WHAT are the young people of to-day thinking about? Is the new generation materialistic or idealistic? What are the dreams of modern youth? Are the youngsters of to-day going to church or to the American bars? Are the people under thirty neo-romantics or neo-classicists? What do they want?

At bottom, only one question is involved, only one subject is under investigation. Yet the newspapers and magazines, in their eagerness to understand the state of mind of the children of the twentieth century, are organizing vast inquiries on the subject.

The replies, however, are most contradictory. Each person under thirty who is called upon to expound his platform strikes an advantageous pose, forces himself to be sensational, — for he is still at that age, — and utters a

[2] By Clément Vautel, in *Cyrano* (Paris satirical and political weekly), *November* 6

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number of the most definite pronouncements.

One says: 'We are profoundly disgusted by the society that our elders have bequeathed to us. We must sweep the board clean. We 'll take charge of things. We have already suppressed love, grammar, graceful lines, and patriotism. We are gasoline engines. Long live the nothingness from which we shall make a new world arise. That will be the subject of my next play.'

Another declares: 'We are returning to the necessary disciplines. For my part, I go to Mass and play tennis every day. In my big roadster I carry the works of Saint Thomas Aquinas and a Michelin guidebook. I am acquiring strong muscles and a pure soul. I treat women like towels. All this I shall explain in my next novel.'

A third explains: 'I am living in a state of frightful despair. If I did not fear ridicule I should commit suicide. I have read all the books, drunk all the cocktails, beaten all records, and tasted every pleasure. And what a farce it all is. God remains. I presented myself at His house, but they told me He had gone away and not left any address. I called Satan on the telephone, but I only heard a noise of frying. What shall I do? Go in for incest or murder? I'm thinking of it. But you will read all that in my next essay, one hundred copies of which will be printed on Imperial Japanese paper.'

A fourth exclaims: 'I am young, handsome, and optimistic. Ah! Life! Love! Women! I want to possess everything, to hold everything in my arms. Our generation is eager for pleasure. Our chests, already enlarged by Swedish gymnastics, are filled with the breath of Nature. Shiver, old dodderers, in your emaciated skins; we are twenty years old, and we scorn everything that does not give us pleasure. To tell the truth, this is to be the theme of my forthcoming manifesto, of which I shall send you a copy so that you can quote it in your paper.'

These investigations throw no light whatever on the thoughts of modern youth. Is it romantic, classical, communistic, royalist, cynical, sentimental, skeptical, or enthusiastic? After reading the opinions of the rising generation one cannot decide.

Such documents, however, perhaps enable us to say that the people under thirty who have confessed themselves in this way lack neither vanity nor arrogance. Most of them might even be reproached for judging too severely an epoch in which they have, on the whole, been allowed to play a rather pleasant part. Should n't they be politely astonished at being treated like personages of importance? So young, and interviewed already! The older people of to-day enjoyed no such successes at their age. Being thirty was a much more difficult business in 1900 than it is in 1927. You are a difficult lot of spoiled children! There you go lamenting away, whereas every morning you should awake and murmur, 'What luck it is to be young at a time when youth is a title and not a handicap.'

As a matter of fact, to whom do the people charged with investigating the new link between past and future address themselves? Who are the official representatives of this 'modern youth' whose tastes and distastes are set down with so much deference?

It is the same lot every time: budding novelists, dramatic authors who owe their celebrity to two or three highly literary flops, journalists who are still describing the third dog they have seen run over, musicians testing out their first attempts at dissonance, painters who have just given up draw-

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ing pictures on the walls during the intermissions between billiard games — in short, a group of people under thirty who probably do not begin to represent the real French middle class of their generation.

If, on the other hand, you observe and question numerous young people who do not write novels or plays, who do not compose metallurgical symphonies, who do not exhibit at the Salon d'Automne, — who are not, in short, the 'élite,' — you will decide that they are neither neo-romantics, neo-classicists, wild revolutionists, uproarious conservatives, skeptics, nor mystics.

These new-edition Frenchmen do not wish to eliminate the past. They do not indulge in imprecations against the society in which they were born. They do not overwhelm their elders with expressions of disgust. They do not fall into a state of religiosity, replete with queer aberrations. They follow the dictates of their age and their sex. They are fond of women. They even have a heart. In short, they are very nice indeed.

Of course, the young people under thirty do not resemble the young people of other times in every respect, but essentially they remain the same. We can only say that, if they are less timid than we were when we began life, our ambitions have become theirs, and they have only changed in wanting to attain their ends more rapidly. They possess a will power and an audacity that we lacked, and we must congratulate them on both those scores, even though we feel that they are sometimes a little too sure of themselves. They make a point of earning money soon, and they look at life from a strictly realistic attitude. We notice, however, that most of them are getting down to brass tacks at an age when we never used to think of acting seriously. They are marrying young, and in spite of the housing shortage they are establishing homes that are certainly as good as homes ever were.

They have their little six-horsepower cars, — sometimes big limousines too, — while we still take the omnibus. That is quite all right, however. In our day only old men and women rode in carriages, and at the present time this form of luxury has fallen into the hands of the young. I only regret that they took so long about coming into their own.

They are more active than we ever were. They have developed new needs, which they work hard to satisfy. The chophouse that satisfied our wants does not appease them; they prefer hotels, and they have the money to spend on them. Perhaps they do not share many of our general ideas, and hardly know anything about the kind of 'anguish' that our littérateurs used to describe in de luxe editions. They have no use for politics, and, far from wishing to reform society, they are installing themselves in it as comfortably as possible.

More sporting, more gay, and more youthful than we ever were, these people under thirty often look to us like hard-shelled egotists, even cynics, but perhaps that is because they do not take the trouble to be hypocrites. They are what we made them, and, if they often display a lack of good breeding, we can only say that their education was our handiwork. The surprising thing is that the results are no worse.

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MEDICINE AND THE CHURCH[1]

BY SIR FARQUHAR BUZZARD, M.D.
PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING

[THE following article, which is published substantially in full except for introductory and concluding paragraphs not strictly pertinent to the subject, is a report of the annual oration of a distinguished leader of the British medical profession before the York Medical Society.]

THE history of medicine is far too big a subject for me to do more than touch upon now, but even a superficial study of it suffices to reveal its intimate associations, not only with the history of religions in general, but with that of the Christian Church. It may be helpful, therefore, to a consideration of the relationship of medicine to the Church at the present day if I recall to memory the principal features of their coöperation and contention in the past. Perhaps the earliest example of conflict between the followers of the healing art and divine authority is provided in mythology by the legend of Æsculapius, who, it will be remembered, not only healed the sick, but brought the dead to life. This excess of zeal not unnaturally raised the ire of Pluto, King of Hades, who, with Charon, was threatened with the prospect of joining the ranks of the unemployed. Zeus, on being appealed to, slew the tactless physician with a thunderbolt, but the gratitude of mankind was subsequently instrumental in raising the latter to the status of a god, in which capacity he has continued to exercise a beneficent and fatherly care over the fortunes of our profession.

We have to go back to Egypt and to an era thirty-five hundred years before Christ for the earliest indications of the art of medicine, which at that time was concerned only with treatment. It was practised by men who combined the offices of priest and physician, and who regarded the invocation of blessings on their remedies as not the least important security for their success. They were frankly healers, and professed little interest in, or knowledge of, the causation of disease.

The early records of both Indian and Persian medicine emphasize their close association with religion, and suggest that sickness and recovery therefrom were attributable to the influence respectively of hostile and friendly deities.

In Greece, however, were laid the real foundations of rational medicine, and it was left to Hippocrates, a direct descendant of Æsculapius, to develop from the prevailing methods and doctrines of his day a new outlook upon the origin and treatment of disease, which has caused him to be regarded as the greatest physician of antiquity. No longer content to take the path of least resistance in assigning to supernatural influences phenomena which appeared difficult to account for, he formulated a belief which to many minds, even at the present day, is sufficiently satisfying: 'From God

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comes one disease as well as another; but nothing happens except in conformity with Nature.' He may, perhaps, be looked upon as the pioneer of a doctrine which is perpetuated to-day in the shape of a spa practice. To him the conditions of health and sickness were determined by seasons, climates, waters, and soils, as well as by personal habits in such matters as food and exercise. His pathological conceptions were not so happy. Four humors of the body — blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile — were, according to his theory, the primary seats of disease, and health varied in relation to disturbances in their proper combination and appropriate activities. Not his least claim to fame was his attitude of expectancy in regard to treatment. In fact, his aversion to drastic remedies earned him the reproach of letting his patients die by doing nothing to keep them alive — a reproach which has lost some of its sting with the advance of knowledge!

The work of Hippocrates, showing as it did that the advance of medicine was based on anatomy, physiology, and the scientific investigation of patients, impressed its mark on succeeding generations. On the one hand, anatomy was studied assiduously and fruitfully, especially in the Greek school at Alexandria; on the other hand, physiology became the playground of theories, too numerous to refer to, and too fantastic to deserve the attention of any but historians.

And so we come to Galen, born at Pergamus in A.D. 131, who was destined to influence the progress — or perhaps it would be more correct to say the stagnation — of medicine for from twelve to fifteen centuries. As an expositor of the medical knowledge of his time, as an anatomist and skilled dissector of the bodies of lower animals, and as a practical physician his reputation must always stand preëminent. As a physiologist and pathologist his contributions were of less value, and his dogmatism in regard to these subjects, fostered by the atmosphere of infallibility which pervaded both medicine and the Church for so many centuries, was a standing menace to all progress during the whole of that time. It must be noted, however, that Galen's doctrine did not come into its full power until his writings, having been translated into Latin, began to be studied in the West, with the result that by the sixth or seventh century his name and authority began to dominate medicine and thereafter kept it in chains for another thousand years.

From the early Middle Ages the religious orders were the custodians of the degenerate knowledge and practice of the healing art inherited from the later Roman authors, until the curious mixture of ancient science with the black art, characteristic of monastic medicine, was superseded by the Hippocratico-Galenic revival. The latter doctrine survived until the medical reformation, which took place very little later than that of the Church, and which is so closely associated with the name of Vesalius, the founder of modern anatomy, who was condemned by the Inquisition as a sorcerer, and with that of William Harvey, the father of modern physiology. But those who took part in the reformation of medicine were not only exposed to the persecution of the Church, but were bitterly opposed by the disciples of Galen, and Vesalius himself did not escape the hostility of the latter when he published his monumental work on human anatomy in 1543.

The Church during the Middle Ages exerted its influence to uphold the Galenic doctrine, which presented no inconsistencies with the Christian faith, and which dogmatically provided an

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answer to every question. Comment was allowed, and commentators abounded. Criticism, on the other hand, was looked upon as a species of heresy, and critics shared the fate of religious heretics. Research and experiment were regarded as closely akin to sorcery and witchcraft.

But medicine owes the Church a debt of gratitude for the performance of at least two valuable functions during the dark years of its history. The monastic orders were responsible for preserving the ancient literature of our profession, which would otherwise have been lost, and they were pioneers in the establishment of hospitals which eventually formed the basis of many famous and productive medical schools. Dr. Arnold Chaplin says: —

'In early times, before the foundation of the Universities, the art of Medicine was largely the province of the Church, but in 1131, the Council of Rheims prohibited the regular clergy from devoting their attention to physical compositions, and after this edict the regular clergy confined themselves to prescribing medicines. In 1139, the Council of the Lateran prohibited physicians from administering to the wants of the body before the spiritual needs of the patient had received attention. . . . In 1422 the first enactment concerning the practice of medicine appears upon the statute book. "No one shall use the mysterie of fysyk, unless he hath studied it in some University and is at least a bachelor in the science. The Sheriff shall enquire whether any one practice in this country contrary to this regulation; and if any one so practice he shall forfeit £40 and be imprisoned." The Church, however, still continued to exercise some authority, for in a statute of 1511 it is stated that "except for those graduating in Medicine at Oxford and Cambridge, all desiring to practise medicine or surgery in London and seven miles around must be approved, after examination, by the Bishop of London or the Dean of St. Paul's with, in the case of Physicians, the assistance of four doctors in physick, and, in the case of surgeons, of other expert persons of that faculty."'

Little by little, the secrets of Nature came no longer to be regarded as sacred and knowable only to the Almighty, when difficulties were encountered in the attempt to unravel them. There arose, on the contrary, a spirit of inquiry undeterred by obstacles and no longer trammeled by the belief that the search after knowledge was incompatible with the Christian faith. Let me quote two passages, one from Vesalius and the other from Harvey, the latter written about fifty or sixty years after the former.

Vesalius (1514–1564): 'The septum of the ventricles abounds on both sides with little pits impressed in it. Of these pits, none, so far at least as can be perceived by the senses, penetrate through from the right to the left ventricle, so that we are driven to wonder at the handiwork of the Almighty, by means of which the blood sweats from the right into the left ventricle, through passages which escape human vision.'

Harvey (1578–1657): 'When I first gave my mind to vivisections, as a means of discovering the motions and uses of the heart, and sought to discover these from actual inspection and not from the writings of others, I found the task so truly arduous, so full of difficulties, that I was almost tempted to think, with Frascatorius, that the motion of the heart was only to be comprehended by God. At length, and by using greater and daily diligence, having frequent recourse to vivisections, employing a variety of

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animals for the purpose, and collecting numerous observations, I thought that I had attained the truth.'

At the time when Harvey was engaged on his life's work, the result of which was to deliver from darkness into the light of truth the secret of the circulation of the blood, the Church found it desirable to forbid the clergy to attempt to cast out devils by fasting and prayer, except by special license from the bishop. The tercentenary of the publication of his *De Motu Cordis*, the monograph giving to the world his great discovery, is to be celebrated in a befitting manner next year.

Since Harvey's time the science of medicine has steadily progressed, partly as the result of untiring research at the bedside, in the post-mortem room, and in laboratories, and partly as the result of the rapid development of such ancillary sciences as those of physiology, anatomy, chemistry, physics, biology, and bacteriology. Progress at first was slow, hampered by tradition, by prejudice, and by the very human mistake of regarding hypotheses as final conclusions instead of using them as a basis for research. In the last one hundred years the wheels of progress have moved much more rapidly, and, as I propose to show, our conception of medicine as a profession has completely altered since the days when the physician-priest of Egypt essayed blindly to cure the sick with a mixture of blessings and herbs. For more than a thousand years, during which the Church shared the practice of medicine with physicians, and dominated its methods, during which she was at the height of her spiritual power, and during which millions of the sick and suffering must have passed through her hands, there was no material advance in the knowledge of disease, of its cure, or of its prevention. Moreover, from the records of those centuries there has survived no evidence in support of the claim that spiritual healing of organic disease is a practical proposition, or that spiritual healing differed, either in its essence or its efficacy, from other methods based on suggestion and faith, religious or otherwise.

On the other hand, the last two or three hundred years have witnessed a gradual separation of the paths of medicine and of the Church, and synchronous with that process the advances of medicine in regard to the diagnosis, treatment, and prevention of disease have only been equaled by the remarkable progress made in other branches of science which threw off the fetters of the Church about the time of the Reformation.

During more than five thousand years the claim of those who practised medicine was to cure their patients of disease. It was not only their claim; it was what they were paid for and what was expected of them, although it must be admitted the claim has, as often as not, failed to be substantiated. But in the course of the last century or two we have gradually realized that no claim of that kind can be maintained by us until we have mastered the elements of knowledge regarding the causation and recognition of disease. Our conception of diseases has altered. They are no longer evil spirits to be exorcised; they are no longer distinct entities, and they hardly deserve, except for convenience' sake, the honor of a name. An illness is the outward manifestation of a battle taking place between man and one or more of his enemies, the adequate study of which entails a knowledge of the patient, his heredity, his past and present environment, his reactions and powers of attack and resistance, as well as a close acquaintance with the properties and natural history of the enemy. We

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recognize that, although we have learned much about these combatants, our knowledge is still elementary, full of gaps, and often inapplicable as a factor in deciding the issue of the conflict.

What is our position, then? We place what knowledge we possess at the disposal of our patient, we are ready to advise to the best of our ability in regard to the disposition and conservation of his forces, we will bring to his aid any auxiliary troops on which we have reason to depend, and we will supervise and regulate the tactics employed; but we make no claim to cure, either during the heat of battle or after victory has been won, should that be the result. Yet while we make no claim to a 'gift of healing,' it is not always beyond our powers to appraise correctly the relative value of contributions made by nature, by drugs, or by suggestion toward a favorable result.

With our increasing knowledge of the causes of illness, and our recognition of the possibility that there may be diseases concerning which complete understanding is attainable and which may yet remain unamenable to any form of treatment, it is not unnatural that our interest has turned, and tends every day to turn more, toward the question of their prevention. Preventive medicine is still in its infancy, but as it matures it must inevitably call for intelligent coöperation from the public, the State, and the Church.

The scope of our professional activity has extended, during the period laid under review, from an art concerned with healing to a science devoted in the first place to revealing the secrets of health and disease, and in the second place to utilizing the knowledge thus gained for the relief of suffering, physical and mental.

The scientific study of mental processes, and in particular the study of the brain as the organ of mind, lagged behind that of other parts of the body for a long time, but of recent years has so quickened its footsteps that the man in the street has not only failed to keep his place with it, but has had many a stumble in his efforts to do so. This is not the time or place to introduce or discuss abstruse psychological problems, and I shall be content to direct your notice to some aspects of psychology, psychopathology, and psychotherapy which specially concern us to-day.

It has been customary to describe disease as being either 'organic' or 'functional' in origin. The use of the adjective 'organic' indicates that the disease is associated with some physical alteration of tissues which we are able to detect. The use of the adjective 'functional' indicates that the disease or disorder described is attributed to a disturbance in the function of an organ without a physical change of structure such as we are able to detect. It is clear that these two varieties of disease may be closely associated in many ways. For instance, a disorder of function in an organ may be the result of a physical or organic disease. On the other hand, there may be organic disease without obvious disorder of function. Again, an organic affection of one organ may lead to a functional disturbance in another, or a disturbance of function in one part of the body may manifest itself by disorder of function in another.

What has modern psychological medicine taught us in regard to the practical application of these truths?

1. There is a large group of mental disorders associated frequently with disturbances of health in the form of pain, insomnia, mental and physical fatigue, disorders of digestion, circulation, and so on, and sometimes with grave disabilities such as paralysis, deafness, dumbness, blindness, and other apparently serious symptoms. The characteristics of this group may

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be briefly summarized: (*a*) Expert knowledge is required to distinguish them from diseases of organic origin with similar symptoms. (*b*) The primary cause of the disorder lies in the mind, and if the mind is relieved all other symptoms and disabilities disappear. (*c*) They are amenable to treatment by suggestion, some kind of faith, in God or man, being a necessary prelude to success. (*d*) They provide the large bulk of miraculous cures.

2. Another group comprises mental disorders which are commonly called the insanities and, although not necessarily permanent, are practically uninfluenced by suggestion, faith, spiritual healing, or any form of psychotherapy.

3. A third group includes all cases in which disorders of mind, as manifested by changes in character, personality, and conduct, are associated with, and the result of, structural changes in the brain itself. Unless the structure of the brain can be restored to health, the mental disorders cannot be relieved. Here again suggestion, faith, or any form of psychotherapy is useless.

4. In the last group we find a somewhat heterogeneous collection of mental disorders, of varying degrees of severity, of which the prime cause is to be found, not in the brain itself, but in some distant organ. Once more, the mind can only regain its health if the source of its ill-health can be detected and dealt with.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the task of allocating a particular patient to his appropriate group — and this is the first essential of successful treatment — is one which may well baffle the experienced physician, even when he is able to call upon colleagues who are experts in chemistry, bacteriology, or radiology for assistance.

Before going further let me bring forward two facts well recognized by those who have to do with mental disorders, the significance of which cannot be overlooked when we consider the relationship of mind and matter.

An epidemic disease which has been prevalent during the last ten years and which has claimed thousands of the population as its victims is essentially an inflammation of the brain resulting from the invasion of that organ by some form of microbe. As the result of this disease many patients have been paralyzed or otherwise disabled. On the other hand, there are many who have escaped physical disabilities but have been left entirely altered in personality. Some have lost all moral sense and yet retained a considerable degree of intelligence. In other words, a change in the structure of the brain matter has been definitely associated with an alteration in character. In such cases all attempts to restore a moral sense by means of education, training, or suggestion have generally proved useless.

Secondly, there is a common form of temporary mental disorder of which one of the features may be a complete loss of religious faith. This disorder overtakes the faithful as well as the faithless, and it is remarkable that no amount of suggestion, persuasion, or spiritual healing avails to restore faith in God, or comfort in prayer, until health returns.

Let me now examine the present attitude of the Church toward spiritual healing. The claim to a gift of healing on the part of the clergy was based to a large extent, I understand, on the following passage from the Epistle of Saint James: —

> Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.

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Taken literally, these words can be held to support the claim to a gift of healing, especially if the proviso is added that the patient must be duly imbued with faith. But is it possible to take the claim seriously when we see the amount of sickness and suffering which surrounds us on all sides? Surely, human nature being what it is, there would be no lack of faith if experience had shown that an elder of the church, in alliance with faith and prayer, would suffice to nip all pain and suffering in the bud. We have only to recall to our minds the innumerable healers who have appeared from time to time in various countries, who have only had to proclaim the possession of a gift of healing, divine or otherwise, who have apparently cured all sorts of diseases, and who have inspired supreme faith in thousands of their clients. Faith, even if it is defined as the ability to believe that which there is no reason to think is true, is one of the commonest attributes of the human mind, and, together with the almost universal fear of pain and sickness, forms an ideal and abundant soil for the work of the spiritual healer.

But I conclude that the weight of authority in the Church is now against the claim to heal 'organic' disease. Thus the Committee of the Ministry of Healing appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1920 says: —

> Our Committee has so far found no evidence of any case of healing which cannot be paralleled by similar cures wrought by psychotherapy without religion, and by instances of spontaneous healing which often occur in the gravest cases in ordinary medical practice.

A committee more recently appointed by the Grand Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland appears to take much the same views, if one may judge from the following extract from its report: —

> It is claimed by many that God in His grace not only does (both in organic and functional diseases) what neither medicine nor suggestion can do, but also that by faith and prayer His people may link themselves with Him in working the miraculous. . . . Mr. Maillard . . . is no believer in co-operation between spiritual healers and medical practitioners. Sickness is in all cases, he holds, due to spiritual causes, and thus amenable to spiritual treatment. Accordingly, he argues that a child brought up on a foundation of spiritual truth and watched by guardians walking by faith, till he is able to walk by himself, will be saved from the harvest of children's complaints like measles, whooping cough, so commonly deemed inevitable. And if the question be asked by what methods this power and love are brought to bear on sufferers, his answer is by the Holy Communion. Teaching of this nature is to be deplored. But the pity is that there is so much of it.

The claim to heal *organic* disease by spiritual means does not receive much support, therefore, from either committee, but later in the Scottish report appears the sentence: 'The chief sphere of the physician's work is the body, of the minister's the soul.'

No reference is there made to the mind, if it is assumed, as it generally is, that the mind and the soul are not synonymous terms. But I hope that I have made out a case for the mind sufficiently strong to prevent its falling between two stools. There can be little doubt that more than half the ills to which man is prone originate in disturbances of the mind. There can be no doubt that they are more difficult to recognize, to classify, and to treat than those of purely bodily origin, and that the dangers attached to unskilled practice in that department of medicine are at least equal to those associated with ignorant interference in any other.

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A smattering of modern psychology unbacked by any knowledge of general medicine constitutes no valid certificate of fitness to solve the problems presented by the vagaries and disorders of the human brain.

The last sentence of the Committee of the United Free Church should not be left unquoted: —

> But on no conditions can the ministry forget that they have a charge to keep with the soul of the sick, and that in the hour of need the physician of the soul is as timely a friend as the physician of the body.

There remains but one other aspect of my subject to which I feel compelled to refer, although with a sense of diffidence which it is not so easy to betray as to express. It concerns 'faith,' a word in constant use throughout religious history. The meaning and origin of faith have been the subject of theological controversies for centuries, and will, I think, arrest the interest of psychologists for many years to come. 'Faith,' says the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, 'is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'

This definition, the best I have met with, is not lacking in beauty and simplicity of language or of conception, and it has the advantage of offering to us a meaning applicable alike to faith in God and faith in man. It is comprehensible to most people because there can be few of us who have not at some time or another experienced the feeling which these words so aptly describe in relation to some other human being. There must be a large number of us who entertain or have entertained the same kind of sentiment toward our particular conception of the Almighty Deity, whether it be that of the man of science or that of the churchgoer.

At the same time experience must convince all seekers after truth that the capacity for faith varies in different individuals, and, indeed, may be entirely wanting in some. A little thought, too, must satisfy us that faith in God, at any rate, is not a congenital but an acquired attribute of the human mind, one which, like most other attributes, is favored or disfavored by such factors as heredity, education, and environment. The view of certain theologians that it is the 'persuasion of Christian truth wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit' is not one which will readily satisfy the scientist with a leaning toward psychology. The latter may be tempted to compare faith with a sense of music, a sense of color, or a sense of humor, other mental attributes with the same variations in hereditary potentiality and in developmental capacity.

But however divergent may be the opinions of the scientist and the theologian on this subject, the former cannot fail to recognize the reality of faith and the immense power for good and happiness which it exercises in the lives of a large proportion of the community.

I seem to have wandered away from my subject and to have risked an excursion on to very dangerous ground without justification, but this is not altogether the case. What I have said in regard to faith does concern what has gone before. It is incumbent on me that I should answer one inevitable question: If spiritual healing can produce cures comparable to those of medicine and comparable to those of quacks in cases of 'functional' disorder, why should the clergy not undertake that task? My reply to them would be: You will find a proportion of cases without faith, or without sufficient faith, in God, who will not respond to your ministrations. And, further, you will have some cures to your credit which are not the result of spiritual

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healing, but due to a faith which *you* have aroused, not in God, but in your own person; and you will not always find it easy to allot the credit to its proper source.

I am conscious that time, not desire, prevented me, while outlining the parallel history of medicine and the Church, from doing justice to the magnificent work the latter has done in the past, not only in regard to its own vocation, but in the promotion of art and literature. I am aware, too, that I omitted to record many instances of generous patronage bestowed by the mediæval Church on individual scientists.

As far as I can see, there can be no cause for antagonism between medicine and the Church, and if I have made the one bone of contention which lies between them the subject of my address I have done so in the hope of fanning the fire which, sooner or later, will certainly reduce that bone to ashes.

Let me assert, without fear of contradiction, that there can be no rivalry between the two professions, and that medicine has no fear of the Church as a rival competitor. Any fears I may entertain are for the Church, who, if she listened to some of her disciples, might find herself in competition, not with medicine, but with quacks and charlatans.

I have taken the courage of my profession in my two hands to-day and have declared that we make no claim to cure disease. I look forward to the day when the Church will have the courage to say that she makes no claim to spiritual healing. She will never lack the means or the scope for ministering to the sick and sorrowful, and from time to time she will wipe the eye of medicine.

But for the sake of those who suffer from disease, whether of body or mind, let the Church's share in alleviation be summed up in the seven words, 'I was sick, and ye visited me.'

A DAY FROM TOLSTOI'S LIFE [1]

'I Am Trying to Learn to be Good'

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

Dawn. Sleep drifts slowly from the eyelids of the old man. He wakes and stares around him. Rosy morning light already tints the window. Day is arriving. Consciousness slowly emerges from the shadows. The first feeling is one of surprised happiness — 'I am still alive.' Last night, as every night, he had stretched himself upon his bed humbly resigned to never rising from it again. By a flickering lamp he had written in his diary under the date of to-morrow three letters standing for 'If I am alive.' It is a never-ending wonder. Once again the blessing of existence is bestowed upon him: he lives; he breathes; he is well. He draws a deep breath as if it were a special gift of God, and continues to look about him with gray, eager eyes.

[1] From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), *October* 30

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Gratefully the old man rises, disrobes completely. A douche of ice-cold water makes his well-preserved body glow. He performs some light athletic exercises, breathing deeply and supplely bending to and fro. Then he partly clothes himself, slips on a dressing gown, opens the window, and sweeps out his chamber, after tossing a few sticks of wood upon the crackling fire. For he is his own servant.

This done, he descends to the breakfast room. Sophia Andreevna, his daughters, his secretary, and a couple of friends are already at the table. The samovar is bubbling. His secretary brings in a motley heap of letters, periodicals, and books, their wrappings gay with bright-colored stamps from every quarter of the world.

Tolstoi glances half-resentfully at this mountain of mail. 'Incense and trouble,' he thinks silently to himself. 'Confusion and distraction, to say the least. We should be left more alone with ourselves and God, and not try to be the axis of the universe. Better repel what disturbs and distracts us, what makes us vain, polite, ambitious, and insincere. Better, indeed, to throw all that stuff in the stove, and have liberty.'

But his curiosity is stronger than his aversion, and with nimble fingers he runs through the heap of begging letters, complaints, petitions, business commissions, requests for interviews, and idle gossip. A Brahman writes from India that Tolstoi has misconceived Buddha. A criminal sends from prison the story of his life and asks advice. Young men turn to him in their bewilderment, paupers in their despair. They all appeal to him humbly, as they say, because he is the only one who can help them, because he is the conscience of the world.

The wrinkles deepen on the old man's brow. 'Whom can I help,' he thinks — 'I, who cannot even help myself? Every day I err and blunder and seek some source of consolation to make this puzzling life endurable, while all the time I talk pompously about truth simply to deceive myself. What wonder they come to me crying, "Lev Nikolaevich, teach us to live!" My own life is a lie, mere affectation and pretense. In truth, I am an empty vessel, because I waste myself, because I spend myself vainly on thousands of others instead of retiring within myself, because I talk and talk and talk instead of keeping silent and listening for the word of God in my secret heart. But I cannot disappoint these people who trust in me. I must give them some answer.'

He holds one letter longer than the others and reads it through two or three times. It is from a student who criticizes him violently because he 'preaches water and yet drinks wine.' It is high time for him to leave his comfortable home, to give his property to the peasants, to set forth as a pilgrim on the highways seeking God. 'He is right,' muses Tolstoi. 'He speaks with the voice of my own conscience. But how can I explain to him what I cannot explain to myself? How can I defend myself when he accuses me in my name?' And he takes this single letter with him when he returns to his study, in order to answer it at once.

His secretary detains him a moment at the door to remind him that he has promised an interview that noon to a correspondent of the *Times*, and to ask whether he will receive him. Tolstoi's face darkens. 'Such importunities! What do they want of me — to pry into my soul? All I have to say is in my writings. Anybody who can read can find it there.' But he controls himself and adds in a kindlier tone: 'All right, so far as I am

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concerned; but only for a half-hour.' Scarcely has he crossed the threshold of his study, however, before he mutters self-accusingly: 'Why did I consent to that? Me, an old, gray-haired man on the verge of death, and not yet cured of vanity and love of publicity. I am ever a weakling. When shall I learn at length to hide myself and to keep silent? Help me, oh, help me, God!'

At length he is alone in his study. On the bare wall hang a scythe, a rake, and an axe. A rude, heavy settee stands in front of the bare table. The place is a cell, half monkish and half peasant. A partly finished article lies on the table — 'Thoughts upon Life.' He reads what he has written, erases, changes, starts again. His hasty, coarse, boyish handwriting is constantly interrupted. 'I am in too much of a hurry — too impatient. How can I write about God when I have no clear idea of Him in my own mind, when I myself am not steadfast, and my thoughts change from day to day? How can I be explicit and lucid in describing God the Inexpressible and Life the Incomprehensible? What I presume to do is beyond my power. My God, how sure of myself I used to be when I wrote fiction, describing life to men as God unrolls it before us, and not as I, an old, bewildered seeker for truth, wish it to be! I am no saint — no, I am not, and I should not try to teach men. I am only a person to whom God has given clearer eyes and keener vision than to thousands of others, in order that I might see the world. Perhaps I was truer and better in the days when I served only the art which I now curse so irrationally.'

The old man pauses and glances quickly around him, as if someone might be watching, and then takes out of a hidden drawer the novels upon which he is secretly working. For he has publicly denounced art as superfluous and sinful. There they are, the secretly written stories concealed from the world — 'Hajimurad,' 'The Lost Coupon.' He turns over the sheets and reads a few lines. His eyes light up. 'Yes, that's good writing,' he murmurs. 'That's good. God designed me merely to portray his world, not to expound His thoughts. How beautiful is art, how pure is creation, how torturing is thinking! How happy I was when I wrote those pages! Tears wet my cheeks when I described that spring morning in "Wedding Day." But I cannot go back to that time. I must not disappoint the world. I must continue on the path I have now entered, because so many look to me for help in their distress of soul. I dare not stop. My days are numbered.' And putting the treasured sheets back in their hiding place, he resumes his composition like a hack writer, silent and surly, with wrinkled brow and lowered chin, so that his white beard at times brushes across the paper.

Noon at last! Enough done for today! Away with the pen! He springs up, and with quick, light steps descends the staircase. A groom is already waiting with Delire, his favorite horse. He springs into the saddle, his desk-bent back straightens, he looks larger, stronger, younger, more alive, as, lightly and easily as a Cossack, he spurs the spirited animal toward the forest. His white beard flutters in the wind. He opens wide his lips to inhale the fragrant, fresh air of the meadows, to draw a draught of their ever-renewed life into his aging body. His blood, stirred by the rapid motion, courses warm and vigorous through every vein; his finger tips tingle, his ears throb. At the edge of the forest he suddenly reins his horse in order to see at least once more how the waxen buds

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are opening in the spring sunshine, weaving a delicate tracery of nascent green soft and lacelike against the sky. Pressing his mount sharply with the knee, he turns to a birch tree, his sharp eyes sparkling with interest, to observe a column of ants busy bearing their burdens along its trunk. The gray old patriarch sits there motionless for several minutes, watching with tear-moistened eyes the tiny creatures at their labor. What a miracle! This nature, this wonderful mirror of God's thought, which has not changed for seventy years, and yet is never the same — always young, always wise, always the same and yet ever different!

But the horse whinnies impatiently. Tolstoi rouses himself from his reverie and dashes off with the speed of the wind, eager to share with Nature also her wildness and passion — as well as her microscopic care and tenderness. So he rides on, happy and thought-free, for a full twenty versts, until white sweat dots the flank of his black steed. Then he turns homeward at a quieter pace, his eyes afire, his spirit buoyant, happy and care-free as when he rode through the same woods as a boy.

As he nears the village, however, the glow leaves his face. With an expert eye he surveys the fields. Here in the very middle of his estate is an unkempt place, the fence rotting and apparently half carried away for fuel, the ground untilled. He rides angrily up to the cabin to make inquiries. An untidy, barefooted woman with tousled hair and a surly look, and three little half-naked children clinging to her ragged skirt, comes to the door. A baby squalls in the interior. With scowling brow the old man asks why the place is in such a neglected condition. The woman makes a stumbling apology. For six weeks her husband has been in jail for stealing wood. How can she look after things without him? He stole the wood because he was hungry. The master knows that: bad crops — high taxes — high rents. The children begin to bawl in sympathy with their mother's whining complaint. Tolstoi reaches hurriedly into his pocket, and without another word hands the woman a coin and rides away like a fugitive. His face is clouded, his joy has vanished.

'So such things are happening on my — no, on my wife's — estate, the estate which I gave to her and my children. But why do I hide like a coward behind my womenfolk? Turning over that property was simply a lie to deceive the world, for my family are sucking the blood of the peasants just as I used to do. I know it perfectly well. Every brick used in the alterations on the house that shelters me is moulded from their sweat and blood. What right had I to give my wife and children what did not belong to me — the peasants' land which they plough and sow. I should blush before God, in whose name I, Lev Tolstoi, am constantly preaching righteousness to men. Aye, a man into whose window the misery of others is staring every day.'

The old man's face darkens with anger, which rises higher as he rides past the stone pillars of the manor house grounds. A liveried lackey and a groom rush out to help him from the horse. 'My slaves,' he mutters reproachfully to himself.

In the roomy dining-room the Countess, his daughters, his sons, his secretary, his family physician, the French governess, the English governess, a couple of neighbors, a revolutionary student who is serving as a tutor, and the English correspondent await him. The long dinner table is laid with blue and white china and silver. Tolstoi's entrance interrupts a lively

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conversation. He greets his guests with courteous seriousness, and then seats himself silently at the table. Liveried servants place his vegetarian meal before him. It includes imported asparagus beautifully prepared. But his mind is running on the ragged peasant woman to whom he has just given ten kopecks, and he stares gloomily at the table with a self-searching expression on his face.

'If they could only understand that I cannot and I will not continue to live this way, surrounded by lackeys, with four courses at dinner, and silver, and all these superfluities, while my neighbors lack the simplest necessities. They all know that the only sacrifice I ask of them is to give up their luxuries, which are an offense in the eyes of God. But she there, my wife, who ought to share my beliefs as she has shared my life, bitterly opposes it. She is a millstone around my neck, a weight upon my conscience that drags me down into false and vicious conduct. I should have cut the ties that bind us long ago. What have we in common? These people are ruining my life, and I am ruining theirs. I am superfluous here, a burden to myself and to all of them.'

With an involuntary flush of anger, he glances up and looks at his wife. 'My heavens, how old and gray she has become! How wrinkled her forehead has grown! What hints of secret suffering her quivering lips betray!' A wave of tenderness sweeps over the old man. 'Can it be true,' he thinks, 'that this is the same woman whom I asked as a young, laughing, innocent maiden to share my life? We've been living together a generation, forty — no, forty-five years. She came to me a young girl when I was already a hardened, vice-callous, middle-aged man. She is the mother of my thirteen children. She has helped me do my work, and I — what have I done for her? Made her a despairing, overwrought, almost insane old woman, whom we can't trust with sedatives lest she take her life in her despair. And my sons there — I know they do not love me. And my daughters — I am robbing them of all the pleasures of youth. And there are my secretaries, who take down every word I say like sparrows picking up crumbs in the streets. They already have gathered balsam and incense to preserve my mummy when I die. And that English chap is waiting with his notebook to take down how I elucidate God Almighty — the God to whom this table, this house, this whole gathering, are an offense. And I sit here in this inferno and am warm, and comfortable, and well fed. It would be far better if I were dead. I have lived too long, and I have not lived true to my faith.'

A servant offers him another course, consisting of preserved fruits and whipped cream chilled on ice. With an angry gesture he lays his silver spoon one side.

'Isn't it all right?' Sophia Andreevna asks solicitously. 'Is it too rich for you?'

Tolstoi answers bitterly: 'Yes, that's the trouble — it's too rich, it's too good for me.'

An expression of irritation flits across the faces of the sons, and the wife looks worried. But the reporter is alert — an aphorism for his article!

Finally the meal is over and all rise from the table and go to the reception room. Tolstoi debates with the young revolutionist, who ventures to dispute his views in spite of the deep respect he feels for him. Tolstoi's eyes flash; he talks vehemently, almost shouting. An argument excites him as violently to-day as hunting or tennis used to in his youth. He makes a sudden effort to control himself, however, and mod-

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erating his voice by force of will continues: 'Perhaps I'm wrong. God has sown his thoughts broadcast among men. None can say that any man's ideas may not come from Him.' And to turn the conversation he suggests: 'Let's take a little turn through the grounds.'

But there is a brief interruption. Under the ancient elms just outside the entrance, at the 'poor man's tree,' a group of common people have gathered — beggars, sectarians, and 'dark ones.' They have made a pilgrimage of twenty miles hoping for a bit of advice or a little money from Tolstoi. Sunburned, weary, and dusty, they stand waiting. When the 'Master,' the *barin*, approaches, some of the Russians bow to the ground. Tolstoi steps up to them briskly: 'Have you any questions?'

'I wanted to ask Your Highness —'

'I am not "Your Highness"; no one but God is entitled to that title,' Tolstoi hastily protests.

The shrinking peasant twists his cap with embarrassment. Finally he stammers a hesitating question — whether the land really ought to belong to the peasants, and, if so, when he will get his piece. Tolstoi answers impatiently. Anything indefinite and ambiguous irritates him. A forester follows with several religious questions. Tolstoi asks him if he can read, and, when he says he can, sends for his pamphlet, *What Ought We to Do?* and handing it to him dismisses him. Then several beggars press forward, one after another. Tolstoi gets rid of them quickly by giving each a five-kopeck piece. When he turns around he discovers that the correspondent has photographed him in the act. His face again darkens as he reflects: 'That's the way they picture me — Tolstoi the great man with his peasants, the almsgiver, the noble, helpful man. But if they could see into my heart, that I'm not good, that I am only a beginner in learning to be good! I'm really absorbed completely in myself. I have never been helpful to others. In the whole course of my life I have never given the poor one half what I gambled away at cards during a single night in my youthful days in Moscow. It never entered my head to send Dostoévskii a couple of hundred rubles. which might have saved him at a time when I knew he was going hungry. Yet I now let men revere me and praise me as the noblest of beings, when I'm only taking my first steps.'

He is eager to get away for his walk, and hurries his steps so that the others can hardly keep pace with him. He rarely speaks, but concentrates all his energy upon his exercise. Yet he pauses a moment to watch his daughters playing tennis, delighted at their graceful movements, following every stroke with interest and greeting an especially good play with a hearty laugh. Then he strolls away through the soft, fragrant, moss-carpeted woods with a brighter and a calmer expression.

It is not long, however, before he is back in his study, to read a little, and to rest a little, for he tires more easily than formerly. As he lies there alone on the oilcloth-covered sofa, with his eyes shut, conscious of his fatigue, he thinks to himself: 'I am glad it is so. What horrible days those used to be when I feared death like a ghost, and my only thought was to escape it. Now I no longer have that fear. In fact, I welcome death's approach.'

Images swarm through his brain. He seizes a pencil and scribbles down a word or two, then stares long and steadily in front of him with serious, unseeing eyes. At such times the old man's countenance, lighted up with his memories and dreams, is truly beautiful.

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When dusk approaches Tolstoi descends again to the family circle. His work is done. Goldenweiser asks if he would like him to play. 'Yes, indeed.' The old man leans upon the piano, his eyes shaded with his hands, so that people cannot see how deeply the magic of the melody affects him. He listens with closed lids, breathing heavily. Ah, this miracle of music, that flows through him like a cleansing stream, washing away all his bitter and burdensome thoughts. 'How dare I despise art?' he thinks to himself. 'What other consolation is so great? Thinking befuddles us; learning bewilders us. Where do we feel God's presence so vividly as in the artist's touch? Beethoven, Chopin, you are my brothers. I can feel your eyes resting upon me. I can hear your heartbeats. Forgive me, brothers, for abusing you.'

The piece ends with a few resounding chords. The company applaud, Tolstoi joining them after a moment's hesitation. His cares seem to have departed, as he joins the conversation with a pleasant smile. The day of many moods promises to end cheerfully after all.

But once more before going to bed the old man paces up and down his bare study. He will not sleep until he has passed final judgment on himself, until he has exacted a stern reckoning for every hour of the past twenty-four. His diary lies open on the table, its white page staring at him like the eye of conscience. He reviews every moment of the day and judges it. He thinks of the poverty-stricken peasant woman whom he left with no other help than a miserable little coin. He recalls that he was impatient with the beggars. He remembers harsh thoughts toward his wife. And all these failures to live up to his ideals he records unsparingly in the book, closing the day's entry thus: 'Again found wanting, again soul-crippled, not enough good done. Once more I have proved that I have not learned to do what is difficult, to love the people about me instead of humanity at large. Help me, God, help me!' Then once more he enters the date of the following day and the three mystical initials indicating 'If I am alive.'

Now his job is done. Another day has been lived to the end. With bowed shoulders he goes into his bedchamber, pulls off his heavy boots, disrobes, and lies down in bed, his thoughts again on death. Those winged thoughts! They still flit through his brain, but little by little lose themselves like butterflies in darkening woods. Slumber hovers on the portal of his mind.

What's that? He suddenly rouses himself. Was n't that a step? Yes, a step in the next room, soft and stealthy. He jumps lightly and noiselessly out of bed and presses his burning eye to the keyhole. Yes, a light. Someone has come in with a lamp and is ransacking his desk, fingering over the leaves of his diary, peeking into the secrets of his soul. It is Sophia Andreevna, his wife. Insatiable curiosity! On every hand he is beset by this anxiety to spy into the profundities of his soul, the deepest sanctities of his heart. His hands tremble with anger. He seizes the latch with an involuntary impulse to open the door suddenly and berate his wife. But at the last moment he controls himself. 'Perhaps even this has been laid upon me as a test.' So he creeps silently back to bed, but not to sleep. Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoi, the greatest, the most gifted man of his time, lies there, betrayed in his own house, tortured by doubt, submerged in loneliness unutterable.

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THE CORRAL OF DEATH[1]

A STORY OF VILLA'S ARMY

BY MARTIN LUIS GUZMAN

THE battle left in Villa's hand no less than five hundred prisoners. He ordered them divided into two groups — the Orozcu volunteers, whom he called 'the Reds,' and the Federals. Feeling strong enough to indulge in an act of clemency, he decided to put the members of the first group out of the way, but to give the Federals one more chance. The Reds were not to see another sunset. The Federals were to have the choice of joining the revolutionary army or of giving their parole not to take up arms against the Constitutionalists and return home.

Fierro was put in charge of the executions. It was a job he had been performing for some time past with an efficiency that commended him highly to his commander. Already the afternoon was drawing toward a close, and the revolutionary troops, having searched carefully the field of battle, were slowly reassembling around the humble village that had been the objective of the fight. The cold, steady night wind of the Chihuahuan plateau had begun to lift the dust along the plains and to chill the indifferently clad clusters of horsemen and infantry. Those who could do so hastened to place themselves in the protection of the houses, but Fierro, intent upon his duty, was quite indifferent to such physical discomforts. He had let his slender-limbed horse, whose black coat was soiled with the dust of battle around the border of the gray serape that served as a saddle-cloth, fall into a walk. He was facing the wind, yet he did not shrink from its keen blast by burying his chin in his collar or pulling his muffler tighter. Instead, he held his head high and squared his shoulders against the breeze, his feet firmly in the stirrups and his camp equipment lashed in front of his knees. There were no witnesses except the deserted plain and an occasional soldier passing in the distance. Nevertheless he kept a firm hand on the bridle and made his tired but mettlesome mount show his paces. For Fierro was happy; he was elated by a victory which no one had dared hope for until the enemy was utterly routed. In his exhilaration the cold wind and the fatigue of fifteen hours in the saddle seemed as nothing.

At length he reached the corral where the three hundred 'Reds' condemned to death were herded like a bunch of cattle, and halted a moment to gaze at them over the top of the stockade. So far as appearances went, they might have been an equal number of revolutionists. They were Chihuahuans to the bone — tall, lean, sinewy-necked, broad-shouldered fellows. Fierro mustered them with a soldier's eye. Good fighting material, that! A strange sensation, a little quiver, shot through him from the forehead to the tip of

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the right index finger. Involuntarily he grasped his revolver.

'Some fight in those fellows,' he muttered to himself.

The mounted troops who were guarding the prisoners paid no attention to Fierro. All they were thinking of was that they had been given a tiresome duty — a duty extremely irksome after the excitement of the combat, a duty that required them to keep constantly on the alert with their rifles resting in the hollows of their arms. Whenever one of the prisoners separated from the others in the group, the soldiers instantly leveled a rifle at him with a businesslike air, and, if he hesitated an instant to get back in the crowd, they fired. The circumference of the cluster of captured men was therefore in constant agitation, because the outermost of the prisoners kept pressing toward the centre to escape a random bullet.

Fierro rode up to the gate of the corral, summoned a soldier to open it, and entered. Without throwing the serape from his shoulders, he sprang to the ground. His muffler unwound as he did so. His legs were stiff with cold and fatigue, and he stretched them to restore the circulation. Then, drawing both revolvers, he began to study leisurely the arrangement of the corral, with its different compartments and dividing lines. Without dropping the bridle rein, he walked up to one of the inside fences, and, leaving his horse there, squeezed through an opening between two planks. Before doing this, however, he took something out of his saddlebags and thrust it into the pocket of his jacket. Then he crossed the corral a short distance away from the prisoners.

The corral as a whole consisted of three parts, connected by inside gates and narrow runways. From the one occupied by the prisoners Fierro passed to the second, by again squeezing his body between the crossbars of the gates, and finally to the last one. At this point he stopped, his tall, sinewy, martial figure conveying a certain idea of self-possession and command even in the ugly emptiness of his surroundings. His serape had slipped back until it barely clung to his shoulders and the fringe of one corner brushed the ground. His gray broad-brimmed sombrero caught a faint reflection of pink from the declining sun. Through the bars that divided the corral the prisoners could see him in the distance, his back toward them, his feet planted well apart, his leather belt glistening in the sunlight.

A hundred yards or so outside the corral the commander of the troops who were guarding the prisoners sat in the saddle. Fierro caught sight of him and beckoned to him to approach. The officer galloped up to the point in the surrounding fence closest to Fierro, where the latter met him. They conversed for a few moments, while Fierro pointed out different points in the portion of the corral where he stood and the one just beyond. Then he described a series of evolutions to the officer, illustrating them with movements of the hand to make them better understood. He laid special stress upon one manœuvre as particularly important, repeating it two or three times. Finally the officer, confident that he comprehended everything, started off at a gallop toward the prisoners' corral.

Fierro then turned toward the centre of the enclosure, to give it a last inspection. The section where he stood was the largest of the three, and the one nearest to the village. It had gates on two sides, opening upon the plain. Their planks were more battered than those of the other gates of the corral, apparently having seen more use, but the gates were more

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strongly built. Directly in front of Fierro was a third gate, entering the central section. The exterior fence of this section was not of wood, but was an adobe wall fully nine feet high and perhaps two hundred feet long. For sixty feet or more it formed the back of a shed with a lean-to roof, which was supported in front by posts and open on one end toward the plain and on the other enclosed by a second adobe wall, which extended for forty or fifty feet toward the centre of the corral. Consequently the back and the end of the shed formed a large angle, enclosed on two sides by solid adobe. The wind had blown straw and offal into this corner, in which stood a well and a square iron tank. Two rude posts and a crossbar, from which hung a rusty chain and bucket, surmounted the well. Through this corner the breeze whistled with a melancholy drone, punctuated, whenever there was an unusually heavy gust, by the creaking of the swinging chain.

A large gray bird was perched on the top of one of the well posts, as immovable as if it were part of the structure itself. Fierro, who was standing some fifty paces away, gazed at it sullenly for a moment, as if it were interfering with his plan, and, without changing his position or his expression, slowly drew his revolver, aimed, and fired. The bird fell to the ground, and Fierro returned his weapon to the holster.

Just then a soldier swung over the wall into the corral. It was Fierro's orderly. The drop was so high that it took the man a second or two to recover his balance. As soon as he did so, he hurried up to his commander. Without turning around, the latter asked: 'What are they doing with those fellows? If they don't hurry they'll be late.'

'I think they're coming already,' answered the orderly.

'Then take your place there — right there. What revolver have you got?'

'The one which you gave me, *Jefe* — the Mitigüeson.'

'There you are, then. Take these cartridges. How many others have you?'

'Some fifteen dozen, with what I picked up on the field to-day, Chief. Some of the others found more, but I did n't.'

'Fifteen dozen. I said the other day that if you kept on selling ammunition to get liquor I'd put a bullet in your brain.'

'No, Chief . . .'

'What!'

'I got drunk, but I did n't sell ammunition.'

'Take care, then. You know me. Now pay attention, and don't bungle this. I do the shooting, you load the revolvers. And note this — if one of those Reds escapes by your fault, I'll add you to them!'

'Ah, Chief . . .'

'You heard me.'

The orderly spread his blanket on the ground and emptied on it the boxes of cartridges that Fierro had just handed him. Then he extracted, one by one, the others that he carried in his cartridge belt. He tried so to hurry that he kept losing count. He was nervous, and his fingers trembled.

'Ah . . . ah, my Chief,' he thought to himself.

Meanwhile mounted soldiers of the detachment on guard were gathering in the central section of the corral. Their big hats were barely visible at times above the intervening barrier. Others were stationed in force around the exterior. Fierro and his orderly, however, were the only ones within the first corral itself. Fierro stood with his revolver drawn. His serape had fallen to the ground. The orderly knelt directly in front of him,

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hurriedly arranging rows of cartridges upon his blanket with trembling hands.

The commander of the detachment on guard rode into the corral through the gate which communicated with the central division and reported: 'I've got the first ten ready. Shall I send them in?'

Fierro answered: 'Yes, but let them all know first what's up. The moment they are through the gate I start to fire. Those that get over the outside wall I let go. Shoot any who baulk.'

The officer rode back to his men, and Fierro stood, revolver in hand, staring at the narrow gate-opening through which the prisoners would come. He stood near enough the division fence to be sure that the bullets would not strike the 'Reds' who had not entered. He was going to keep his promise to the letter. But he was where those who came through would see him at once, standing with drawn revolver twenty paces away. The setting sun was directly behind him; the wind continued its monotonous drone.

The clamor of the prisoners beyond the fence grew louder and wilder, rising and falling with each gust of wind. Above it rose other voices, like those of cowboys rounding up cattle. The guards had some difficulty herding the three hundred men condemned to death from the farthest section of the corral into the central portion. Realizing what was coming, some of the doomed men resisted desperately. The soldiers on guard shouted at them, and at intervals the sharp crack of a rifle told of one recalcitrant reduced to order forever. From the first to enter the central corral the soldiers selected ten, pushing them forward with their horses toward the second gate. They held the muzzles of their rifles pressed firmly against the centre of each reluctant prisoner's back, shouting, 'Traitors! Jailbirds! Scum of the earth! Now you'll get a chance to show your paces. Get in there, traitor.'

As each group approached the second gate the resistance of its doomed members increased, but the pressure of the horses, and the even more persuasive pressure of cocked rifles, made them prefer an uncertain fate ahead to certain death behind. As soon as he caught sight of the first ones, Fierro greeted them with a voice of cruel cordiality, half ironical and half encouraging: 'Come on, boys. I'm only going to shoot at you, but I'm a poor shot.'

The men he addressed began to skip about like goats in an effort to dodge his bullets — all but one huge fellow, who tried to rush Fierro, but fell at the second bound, pierced by a dozen balls from the rifles of the soldiers guarding the corral. The moment the others got their bearings they plunged headlong toward the outer wall. One sought the protection of the iron well tank, but Fierro dropped him first. The remainder toppled over in quick succession, — for Fierro fired eight times in less than ten seconds, — the last doubling up just as his fingers clutched at the top of the exterior barrier. A few bodies quivered for a moment, but the bullets of the soldiers outside promptly put them out of misery.

A moment later a second group of ten was shoved through the gate, and then another, and another, and another. Fierro used all three of the revolvers, his two and that of his orderly. They were passed to his right hand in rhythmic succession, and after firing each six times — six times without an instant's intermission — he dropped it on to the blanket of the orderly, who slipped out the empty shells, loaded again, and without changing his posture handed it back to

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Fierro just as another fell. His fingers touched bullets that a moment later would rest in a prisoner's corpse, but he did not lift his eyes to see the victim fall. His attention was concentrated solely upon the revolver he happened to have in his hand and the glistening rows of ammunition in front of him. He was conscious of but two sensations — the dull chill of the cartridges he thrust into the revolver cylinders, and the warmth of the gun itself.

The wild scramble of prisoners to reach the wall of safety, that grim contest between a passion for slaughter and agonized anxiety to live, lasted nearly two hours. Never for an instant was the perfect rhythm of Fierro's movements broken. Never did he lose his callous calm. He fired at moving targets, at marks that dodged hither and thither in a wild panic dance, slipping in pools of blood and leaping over corpses in weirdly distorted and impossible postures, but he fired without emotion, even adjusting his aim coolly for wind deviation.

Some prisoners, paralyzed with terror, fell on their knees the moment they entered the corral. A bullet instantly flattened them out. Others curvetted grotesquely toward the shelter of the well tank, until a heap of bodies was piled around it. But most rushed headlong toward the wall and tried to scale it over the heap of entangled, warm, steaming bodies at its base. Some actually got their hands upon the top, fumbling in their panic, only to sink back again in a death quiver.

For a time the clamor of the prisoners rose to such a pitch that the sharp reports of an occasional rifle shot from the troops on guard and the steady crack, crack, crack of Fierro's revolver were almost drowned by the human uproar. Curses and shrieks of terror from those who were running the death gauntlet mingled with pleading wails and defiant howls from those who struggled against the mounted troops driving them slowly and relentlessly toward the fatal gate. Above this tragic threnody, palpitant with human anguish, rose a raucous cheer from the soldiers outside whenever Fierro made an unusually clever hit. Perched high in their saddles with rifles lying across their knees, the troopers shouted ironical encouragement across the corral wall to the fleeing victims, urged them on with grotesque gestures, and laughed wildly as they fired at any point in the grim mounds of human carcasses that showed the slightest sign of life.

The last detachment of prisoners numbered twelve instead of ten. They rushed through the gate clutching and stumbling, each trying to hide behind his neighbor or to get ahead of his comrades in the horrible race for life. They sprang wildly over the bodies of the fallen, whom they joined in quick succession, mostly face downward and with arms wide extended as if in haste to embrace their fate. One, however, actually succeeded in gaining the wall and throwing himself over it. Instantly Fierro ceased firing, and the troopers gathered in an excited group at one corner of the corral to watch the fugitive.

The dusk had begun to deepen, and half obscured the shadowy form dashing across the plain. The terrified fellow bent forward in running until he seemed almost to glide flat along the ground. A soldier raised his rifle, aimed, and muttering, 'I can hardly see the skunk,' fired. The report drifted away in the evening wind, while the dim point in the plain continued to speed onward into the protecting darkness.

Fierro did not move from his original position. Lowering his arm, he let it hang loosely at his side for several

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minutes. At length, conscious of pain in his forefinger, he lifted his hand close to his eyes. He saw in the half-light that he had chafed it slightly, and massaged it gently between the fingers and palm of his left hand. Thus he stood for quite a time, thoughtfully nursing the numbed and smarting finger. At length he bent over, picked up his serape, threw it across his shoulders, and walked toward the shed, stopping a moment to call to his orderly, 'As soon as you're through, bring the horses.'

The orderly gathered up the empty shells. Soldiers were dismounting, chatting, and preparing to bivouac in the next division of the corral. The orderly listened to them in silence without raising his head. Finally he slowly rose, gathered up his blanket by the four corners, and threw it across his shoulder. The empty shells inside rattled with a metallic clink.

It was now quite dark. A few stars had come out. Lighted cigar tips glowed here and there in the blackness beyond the wall. The orderly disappeared at a leisurely pace toward the farther end of the corral, whence he returned a little later leading his master's horse and his own, with the saddlebags thrown across his shoulder.

When he reached the shed, Fierro, who was sitting on a stone smoking in the darkness, apparently listening to the wind whistling through the interstices beneath the roof, ordered him laconically: 'Unsaddle and make my bed. I'm dead tired.'

'Here in this corral, sir? Here?'

'Yes, here. Why not?'

The orderly obeyed without further comment. He unsaddled the horses, spread the master's saddle blanket on a bit of straw, and arranged his saddle for a pillow. Fierro at once stretched himself out on this rude couch, and a moment later was sound asleep.

The orderly lighted a lantern and fed and bedded down the horses. Then he put out the light and rolled up in his blanket at his master's feet; but, bethinking himself, rose for an instant to his knees and made the sign of the cross before finally sinking into slumber.

Six or seven hours passed. The wind had fallen and all was still. The moon, now past its full, cast a ghostly light upon the scene, distinctly revealing the square outlines of the well tank and the other familiar details of the corral's interior. But the vague heaps of corpses, which did not resemble anything comprehensible, formed confused, fantastic, unintelligible blots in the weird illumination.

Little by little, the light seemed to convert itself into a voice, a voice equally nocturnal and unreal — a call scarcely audible, muffled, weak with agony, yet none the less distinct. It seemed to come from the base of one of the heaps of corpses.

'Ay . . . ay . . .' Then it was silent. Once more the silvery moonlight was serene and untroubled.

A moment later, however, the faint call was renewed: 'Ay . . . ay . . .'

Cold and stiffened for hours, the bodies in the corral lay rigid. The moonlight touched them indifferently here and there, as if they were as ancient as the boulders on the plain outside. But the voice came back. 'Ay . . . ay . . .'

This time the sound reached the ears of Fierro's aide and roused him from his slumber. Then he recalled the execution of the three hundred prisoners. That memory made him lie silent on the straw, his eyes open, his ears intent to catch the half-audible sound.

'Ay . . . For God's sake . . .'

Fierro moved restlessly.

'For God's sake — water.'

Fierro woke and listened.

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'For God's sake — water.'

The second time Fierro gave his orderly a kick. 'Hey, you, can't you hear? One of those dead men wants water.'

'Sir?'

'Get up and put a bullet into that whining rascal. See that he lets me sleep.'

'A bullet in whom, sir?'

'In that fellow who's crying for water, imbecile! Don't you understand?'

'Water. For God's sake — water.'

The orderly drew his pistol from beneath his saddle and, holding it ready to fire, crept out of the shed to hunt among the corpses. He shivered with fear and cold as he searched in the moonlight. Some of the dead men lay with open eyes. He stopped, uncertain what to do. At length he fired at the point from which the voice had seemed to come. The call was repeated. The orderly turned to fire again, but it ceased.

The moon sailed tranquilly through the limitless firmament. Its white light bathed the corral in unbroken silence. And under the shed Fierro slept on.

BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY[1]

BY PROFESSOR KARL CLEMEN

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EVIDENCE exists that the first men of whom we have knowledge, those of the earliest Stone Age, believed in life after death. We infer that they conceived this as some form of physical survival from the fact that they buried their dead with weapons, implements, and ornaments to be used in a life to come. That is also suggested by the common custom of placing immense stones upon the corpse and tying the arms and legs fast to the body, indicating a desire to prevent the dead from troubling the living after their demise. Glimmerings of this crude primitive conception of future life may still survive, unconsciously to us, in our conventional wish that the earth may lie lightly on the deceased. In addition to this cruder conception of physical survival, however, a belief in a soul which continued to live after death seems also to date to the earliest Stone Age. At first, to be sure, this soul concept was materialistic and more or less confused with the idea of physical survival. It is found in a more spiritual form, however, in all the primitive races we know to-day as well as among enlightened nations. But modern savages, like the civilized peoples of antiquity, conceive the soul's future life as a shadowy and unreal sort of existence — a condition to be lamented rather than desired.

Gilgamesh, the hero of a Babylonian epic, invokes the spirit of his dead friend in order to learn the fate of men after death. But the answer is: 'I cannot tell you, my friend; I cannot tell you. If I were to do so you would do nothing but weep the livelong day.'

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *November* 20

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The following words are put in the mouth of a dead Egyptian woman speaking to her surviving husband: 'The next world is a land of sleep and darkness, for the name of the god who rules here is Utter Death.' Even Homer, who describes the spirits of at least some of the departed as continuing their earthly vocations, and Achilles as still occupying a throne among the shades, makes that hero reply to Ulysses when the latter reproves him for complaining: —

'Better a stupid hind tilling the land of another,
Starved on the scanty rations of a penurious master,
Than to reign King of the Shades in the drear realm of the departed.'

Nevertheless, the Greeks, like other nations of antiquity, believed that some of the dead sojourned elsewhere than in the underworld, continuing their existence on islands, on mountains, or in Heaven. The post-mortem life of these favored ones was supposed to resemble closely their life on earth, and was portrayed in great detail by the ancient Egyptians in their tomb frescoes. Indeed, we have these tomb paintings to thank for most of our intimate knowledge of how the ancient Egyptians lived. Again, the early Germans imagined that their heroes who fell in battle continued to feast and revel in Valhalla, just as they had feasted in the rude halls of their princes during their existence on earth. When the more spiritual religions of modern civilized races attempt concretely to describe a future life, they resort to analogous imagery.

Going back to Homer, we have this description of the Elysian fields: —

Easy and care-free the lot of those who are destined to dwell there,
Naught of snow or rain or winter inclemency know they;
For Okeanos constantly sends them the gentle and balmy west wind;
Softly sighing it passes, refreshing and cheering the spirits.

Pindar adds: —

Golden flowers stud the meadows,
By verdant groves and the edge of crystal waters.

But the poet allows to dwell in these Isles of Bliss only those who have thrice lived a life on earth, with a heart free from injustice and malice.

Another important conception of future life is involved in the doctrine of reincarnation, which originated as we know it in India, and still survives there. To the early Buddhists, for whom life was synonymous with suffering, indefinite reincarnation was a curse to be escaped only by attaining Nirvana, which was a negation of existence as we ordinarily conceive it. But later Buddhism, as it spread to China and Japan, substituted for Nirvana a Paradise in the West, where a divine Buddha, Amitabaj, who is characterized as the Supreme Father, was supposed to rule. This paradise is described by a Chinese poet of the fourth century A.D. as follows: —

What words can describe the beauty
Of that bright and glorious land,
Where no blossom ever withers,
Where the streets are shining gold?
'T is a land of lofty terraces,
With people in jewels clad,
And of cool and fragrant arbors
Where the Utpala Lotus blooms.
Listen! In field and forest
Birds carol praise to Thee, All High.

Who is it that with gracious words
And kindly smile comforts the poor?
Who is it that in brilliance shames the sun
But whose pity embraces the whole world?
'T is God Himself. Seated on His throne,
He redeems us by His law from our distress.
Gold bracelets bind His arm; jewels adorn His crown;
He alone has power o'er suffering, sin, and death.
No other god is like our God on high,
And His mercies no man can repay.

Thus the followers of this later Buddhism believe that after their circle of births is completed they will enter a state of bliss, which is described with

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earthly imagery, but only as symbolizing spiritual happiness.

Most great world religions have a more complex conception of future existence, drawn in part from the early Persians, who thought that a good man entered a provisional paradise immediately after death. On the third night after his departure from earthly life a beautiful maiden appeared to him, whom he recognized as his good conscience. She led him first to the place for rewarding good thoughts, then to the place for rewarding good words, then to the place for rewarding good deeds, and finally to the land of eternal light. But here he was to remain only until the end of the world, twelve thousand years after Creation, when the resurrection of the dead would occur. At that time evil souls would be forced to pass through a bath of molten metal which would purge them of their sins, after which they also would be permitted to join the blessed. Relatives who had been separated would then be reunited and would recognize each other, and all would join in glorifying God and His angels. At this time, also, they would partake of the bread and drink of immortality.

It was from the Persians that the Jews, who originally had no doctrine of personal immortality, got the idea of a provisional rewarding of the righteous immediately after death, and of a Day of Judgment later, after which the good were to enjoy eternal bliss.

The pleasures of eternal life in this early Hebrew conception were pictured as rather earthly in the imagery of the prophets, but they nevertheless consisted essentially in the victory of justice and truth. A Jewish writer about the beginning of the Christian Era thus describes this state of bliss: 'God will gather together a righteous nation which He will rule with justice. He will judge the tribes of the chosen people. He will not let injustice abide in their midst, nor will any be allowed to dwell among them who knows aught of evil.'

Also, in the very earliest Christian writings — for example, the Book of Revelation — it is taught that the righteous shall not enter into complete bliss until after the Day of Judgment. Until then only the martyrs and the other elect will be united with God and Christ. The remainder will rise on the Day of Judgment, after which the righteous will dwell in a marvelous city of 'pure gold, like unto clear glass,' through which flows 'a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal . . . and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.' 'And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'

Again in the Sermon on the Mount the reward of the pious is described as receiving divine comfort, seeing God, being God's children. Other allusions to their bliss, as a supper or wedding feast, are to be taken as metaphors. At a later period the description of the New Jerusalem, from which I have just quoted, was also assumed to be a metaphor, and future happiness was conceived as a purely spiritual experience which it was presumptuous to describe. Those who tried to do so confessed themselves incompetent for the task. The greatest of all of them, Dante, exclaimed in this connection: —

Oh, how weak is my word, and how entangling
For my understanding!

Last of all, Islam's doctrine of a future life, which, like all its teaching, is derived from Judaism and Christianity, accords immediate happiness after death only to the 'elect' — above all,

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to those who fall in a holy war. Others, when they die, are allowed to look into Paradise, but cannot enter it until the Day of Judgment, when a general resurrection occurs. Paradise is described as a place of carnal pleasures, but many Mohammedans regard this as pure imagery, conceiving the true bliss of the saints to consist solely in union with God, a state which the mystics and dervishes seek to attain even in this life.

Turning back to Judaism, about the beginning of the Christian Era a school rose which tacitly repudiated the doctrine of a Day of Judgment and resurrection of the dead, and taught that the righteous entered into a state of bliss immediately after death. Indeed, that is declared in the Wisdom of Solomon, which Brahms has used with such marvelous effect in his German Requiem. The souls of the just are in God's hands, and no harm can come to them. In the eyes of those who lack understanding they seem to be dead, and their departure is mourned as a final parting; but they are at peace. Christian teaching of a catastrophic destruction of the world and a resurrection on the Day of Judgment has also gradually lost ground. Indeed, the Apostle Paul himself apparently rejected it, since he hoped to be with Christ forthwith. Christian inscriptions in the Roman catacombs represent the dead as already basking in the glory of God and received in the light of His countenance. To-day in Germany we commonly refer to the dear departed as *Selige*, or blessed, without any thought that this condition must be deferred until a general resurrection at the end of the world.

To be sure, we have also the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, where, the Roman Church teaches, those who are not yet prepared for Heaven tarry until they are purified. Some Catholic theologians, however, conceive Purgatory as continued moral progress after death — an idea that appeals to many non-Catholic thinkers as a logical provision for those who in this world lived in an environment that forbade a life of piety, and for those who were taken away before they had an opportunity to attain righteousness.

I have attempted no more than to describe in bare outline the principal forms which the belief in immortality has taken. I have not tried to justify any of these theories. It is certainly significant, however, that ever since the earliest Stone Age men have almost universally believed in survival after death. Let me add this thought: most of us do not attain the objects of our striving in our present life This is true not only of our commoner and more mundane ambitions, but in a still higher degree of our moral ideals. If moral perfection is the highest object for which we can strive, and if an underlying purpose determines our existence, we have some reason to hope that an opportunity will be afforded us somehow and somewhere to complete our evolution. Goethe doubtless had some such thought as that in mind when he said: 'The conviction that we shall live hereafter is forced upon me by the very idea of action; for if I work steadily and faithfully up to my last hour, Nature is under an obligation to promote me to some other form of existence when the present form no longer suffices for my activities.' Another remark of Goethe's is not entirely amiss in this connection: 'I might say that men who do not hope for another life are already dead in this life.'

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NEW ART IN FRANCE AND GERMANY[1]

BY WALDEMAR GEORGE

A FRANCO-GERMAN artistic entente was almost accomplished when the *Neue Sachlichkeit* was born. It is not our intention to deny the value of this movement, so expressive of the sufferings endured by a group of young Germans. We only say that Germany turned her back on France at the moment when we were about to join her. Perhaps, of course, the Neue Sachlichkeit may possess only local importance as the creation of a number of æsthetes who are contemptuous of æstheticism in art. Nevertheless it remains a microcosm of modern Germany, and bears witness to the difficulty that attends any common work between the two peoples. Once more our attention turns to the fatality that seems to weigh upon both nations.

Post-war France, victorious France, lost the significance of its mission. The 1919 elections, in which the parties of the Right scored such a triumph, were accompanied by great and corresponding intellectual losses. France emerged from the war pure and unstained by any moral taint; she went through this inferno without traducing any of the dogmas on which her faith was based. I repeat that the war only reaffirmed French confidence in the classic virtues. Neither the awakening of the Orient nor the financial disruption of Europe disturbed her mental equilibrium. In the domain of art, which we are discussing here and which reflects the image of contemporary French thought, the early post-war period was characterized by a counter-revolutionary movement.

The kind of tyranny that Charles Maurras exercised for a number of years on a great body of French opinion bore its fruit. The word 'romantic' had acquired a sinister significance; the word 'revolution' had become the property of only the most childish minds. Artists invoked the continuity of the French tradition. André Lhote wrote a series of articles in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* asserting that, if Henri Matisse was not actually a dabbler, he had at least proved himself incapable of successfully carrying out the artistic attempts he had made; and in the same magazine he railed at the exotic Gauguin. Van Gogh, too, was stricken off the list of French æsthetes, and Cézanne only won praise as a classic painter. The 'discovery' of Nicolas Poussin, Ingres, and Camille Corot, none of whom the pre-war generations had understood or liked, was the most striking manifestation of this period. Only a few painters were able to keep their heads during the excitement, and it would be useless to enumerate all the mediocre artists who underwent the influence of neoclassicism. Their names as well as their work have sunk into oblivion.

But Matisse, Derain, Braque, and Pablo Picasso bent their shoulders to the new style, and even justified it in part. Picasso's great exhibition of drawings in the manner of Ingres in 1919 did more than any manifesto or

[1] From *Revue Mondiale* (Paris current-affairs semimonthly) *October* 15

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magazine article to throw discredit on the cubist movement. Derain's doctrinal eclecticism, his negative spirit and scholarly science, appealed to the post-war-painters as the quintessence of tradition.

This phenomenon can be interpreted as a form of conscience-searching. A country that has just undergone a crisis takes account of stock and revises its values. But the classicism and naturalism of France during the post-war period were not conscious or constructive movements; they bore witness chiefly to an immense lassitude, to a desire for easy, quick solutions of æsthetic problems. At that time pride drove most artists to seek the advice of the classic French masters, and nobody wished to recognize the failure of the Renaissance spirit. The more active theorists even considered cubism a reaction against the intuitive art practised during the pre-war period.

Thus rationalism became the religion of poets, painters, and musicians. While mediocre artists confined themselves to walking in the footsteps of Courbet, the more meditative painters tried to recover their ancient prestige by specializing on well-composed pictures.

Rationalism invaded all forms of French activity. Abandoning the musical drama of Wagner and Beethoven, the young French musicians turned to Scarlatti, Lully, and Gluck. Stravinski extolled the cult of classical music, and Jean Cocteau steered his famous *Groupe des six* in a similar direction and during this highly disciplined epoch championed a style devoid of all artifice. This antiromantic movement found its fullest expression in the *Esprit Nouveau,* a magazine that devoted itself to defending an art based on the laws of harmony and mathematics. The *Esprit Nouveau* had an immense and on the whole salutary influence on certain chosen spirits. It called public attention to the best of the modern artists, even to those whom the neoclassicists pretended to despise, and contrasted them with the traditional painters. The works of these artists, however, were judged only from the point of view of their constructive skill; these purists remained indifferent to the dramatic elements in El Greco and Cézanne. Thus post-war art in France was permeated with rationalist classicism. To some this classicism possessed a narrow, literal meaning and consisted of vaunting essential French æsthetic values. Others went in for it because it exalted the cult of the intellect.

While the École des Beaux-Arts was hoping to perpetuate the canons of Phidias, the *Esprit Nouveau* printed a remarkable series of articles on the Parthenon and contrasted the harmonious orderliness of Greek art with the barbarian incoherence of Gothic. The French traveler who wandered into Germany between 1919 and 1922 witnessed with a touch of humiliating incomprehension the immense spiritual work that a ruined nation was undertaking — a nation whose vital centres had been shattered by defeat and revolution. The physiognomy of post-war Germany offered a tragic and moving spectacle, searching for a new god, toying with romanticism, and seeking a point of departure in the Gothic genius. To the average Frenchman impregnated with classic formality it remained an enigma.

The Orient had nourished young Germany's thoughts for years, whereas in France it had only served as a theme for cold dissertations. Gothic sentiment, with which Germany sought to cure her evils, was a complete foreigner in France. We considered expressionism a morbid, abnormal phenomenon. The purpose of expressionism was lost

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on the French, whose æsthetic problems were confined to technology.

Did the expressionist painters use the prismatic colors? How did they depict a three-dimensional object on a plane surface? What use did they make of perspective? The French artists and critics put such questions as these to their German confrères, and it seemed as if any contact between them could only produce misunderstanding. We felt that men like Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, Kokoschka, and Müller were merely going through a phase.

During my first visit to Berlin, in 1921, I judged young German painting severely. I could not grasp the meaning of its efforts. Like all young people with a French background, I was eager for formal perfection and had a tendency to despise a school of painting dominated by the science of form. Shall I confess it? — my trip to Berlin in 1921 was a great disappointment. Having observed the madness of the expressionist painters, I returned with relief to the serene art of Maillol and Braque. Six years ago France could not be penetrated by German influence; it would have nothing to do with it; it was quite self-sufficient.

In 1924 French classicism and rationalism began to weaken, but it would be a mistake to connect this evolution of French thought too closely with the political situation. The beginnings of the inflation, the economic revival of Germany, our shattered hopes, the vague feeling of anxiety that some of us experienced, may have influenced the course of French art, but I am not certain. Even the least acute observers agree that our purely classical æsthetics began to grow confused at this period. The movement revealed itself in many contradictory aspects. The sudden rise of Rouault and the decline of Derain's influence were symptoms of a different emotional and intellectual state of mind than the one that reigned in Paris at the time of the Armistice. If Nicolas Poussin and Camille Corot incarnate the French spirit, then Rouault is not a French painter at all.

Either we must extend our definition of French genius or admit the failure of this genius. That is the alternative that faces our most promising young men.

The hybrid dramatic art of Rouault, hardly touched with realism, and devoid of the decorative style of the sixteenth-century masters, is an isolated phenomenon in modern French painting. The fact that Georges Rouault has attracted certain admirers proves nothing. Before the war Rouault filled no place in Paris, and embodied no reality. Now his work has assumed a symbolic aspect. It has moved the whole centre of gravity of modern French art and has impelled it in the direction of expressionism. The sudden interest it aroused is not the result of fashion, but is a concrete symptom of a change in our emotional make-up.

Pablo Picasso and the young surréaliste school broke the front of classicism, and expressionist painters like Vlaminck and Gromaire, men from the North of France, men of Flanders, who despised the South, sapped the foundations of a form of art we had inherited from the Italian Renaissance, and they dramatized forms that painters in the Latin tradition had harmonized.

The rôle played by Marc Chagall was quite different. When this artist reappeared in France in 1923, and when he affronted Parisian opinion for the first time in many years, he was overwhelmed with insults and treated like a barbarian. His lyric and legendary form of art did not square with the fundamentals of French painting. His

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themes and his treatment of them were not justified by visual experience or by considerations of rhythm. Nevertheless, Chagall triumphed over French hostility and succeeded in imposing his crude, naïve art, breathing the pessimism of the ghetto and the magic of dreams.

To-day *surréalisme* is the one literary and plastic movement that arises from the real spirit of our time and extends beyond the fatally narrow limits of conventional art and literature. Surréalisme is neither a school nor a form of æsthetics; it is a vision of the world. The surréaliste tries to make an abstract of experience. His theory finds its roots in Bergson and Freud. He appeals to the latent forces of the subconscious. Positive science has transformed the world into a desert. It hoped to discover truth through a microscope, but our surroundings are populated with ghosts. Myths and apparitions are born again. Miracles revive.

Although the surréalistes attack the neo-Catholic element, there are certain obvious bonds between them. Whereas the former tend to a kind of pantheism, the latter demand of the Church a solution of the problems that are vexing them. In any case, we must admit that surréalisme gives evidence of an energy and spirit that recent Catholic converts have not revealed. The Catholics evade the world and do not try to discover its secret, and the very routine they adopt is in itself a retreat. The surréalistes, on the other hand, attack all obstacles on their road and try to overcome them. Having made this distinction, we can say that the elect of France are acquiring a dramatic sense that they have lacked ever since the romantic era. Surréalisme no longer saps the æsthetic inheritance of the Italian Renaissance; it destroys the very basis of the French genius for clearness and logic.

Surréalisme despises the virtues latent in the laws of harmony, in canons of belief, in methods. Its preferences go out to irrational, intuitive, barbarous forms of artistic expression. Negro art confirmed the first cubist painters in their researches and in their anxieties, but it did not provide them with a form of plastic struction. The mysticism of masks and idols, mere objects of sorcery, availed them but little. As for the surréalistes, the art of the African negroes, and even more the art of the South Sea Islanders, being totally devoid of architectonic quality, assumes a new aspect. This art is an appeal, an invocation, that cannot fail to attract poets who are eager to communicate with the mysterious forces of nature.

No one can fail to appreciate the significance of this state of mind. In order to prefer the babblings of a year-old child to the well-considered speech of a skilled linguist, and in order to admire the scrawlings of an idiot incapable of self-control and obsessed by the voices of demons, one must have felt some subterranean rumbling foretelling our civilization's doom. The action of the surréaliste group and its attitude to certain æsthetic facts give us a chance to appreciate the real character of a movement whose importance I feel is vital. Surréalisme is an essentially anti-intellectual movement. When a painter like Paul Klee can win enthusiastic support in Paris, when a genius as purely German as Max Ernst finds admirers and imitators here, when the symbolic art of Georges de Chirico can ripen in France — are not these tangible proofs of the inner revolution that has transformed our country? What does Klee represent but the confused Gothic spirit, a rebel against the established order fleeing from the fixed forms of deductive thought? What is Ernst but the sombre

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genius of the North accompanied by a funeral procession of apocryphal images?

Pablo Picasso remains. At his present state of evolution he is entirely unconcerned with plastic ideas. Picasso has not only abandoned the problems of form; he even seems to despise the problems of color, subject, and composition. His latest pictures represent surfaces in one color, from which emerge various figures, usually black, and shaped like arabesques or ideograms.

The revolution that Pablo Picasso has undergone in our time is as great as the one that he himself conducted when he created cubism twenty years ago. His recent work has departed entirely from the Occidental tradition of art and resembles certain Mussulman prototypes.

To sum matters up, France in 1927 has taken account of her present state of mind. She has at last understood that her sources of classic inspiration have dried up. If she turns to the North, does that mean that she has lent an attentive ear to appeals from the Orient? Has she undergone the effects of the mysterious message of the East? I do not know, but I do feel that, at the risk of losing her position as guardian angel of the Latin tradition, she is becoming Asiaticized.

Such an opinion may seem arbitrary, personal, and misleading, but I am not the only one who holds it. It has also been expressed by a conservative writer whose recent book, *La Défense de l'Occident*, has served as a cry of alarm and of warning. M. Henri Massis states that France has succumbed to the prestige of the Orient; Germany and Russia have championed ideas that sapped the basis of modern Western civilization. Unquestionably the problem of East and West is more pressing than ever, but if France now turns toward the Orient, if the country of Descartes, Racine, and Poussin seeks light from the East, it may mean that the Orient and the Oriental acceptance of life will regenerate her.

Intellectual, rationalized France must return to the Gothic spirit or perish. The growth of Christianity acted like a tonic on the ancient world. The great force of primitive Christianity not only prevailed over the pagan state religion; it also changed certain social forms of ancient society. Massis combats in vain this defeatist instinct that eats the Occidental soul like a worm. In vain he tries to rehabilitate the prestige of the Occident by discrediting the East and declaring it incapable of active life, of evolution, development, and logical continued effort. Perhaps his own lack of these virtues may increase his prestige in the eyes of many Europeans, for, whatever Massis may say, the materialist West is perishing.

Have I expressed myself clearly? If my brief account of the genius of modern France has been clear, the reader will understand that the France of to-day offers many analogies to the expressionist Germany of 1919. She, like Germany, turns from the West toward Asia. Like Germany she is destroying the last vestiges of Hellenism in art and philosophy. Like Germany she is invoking the aid of mysticism and is passionately investigating psychic phenomena.

A Frenchman visiting the exhibitions of modern German paintings at the Kronprinzenpalais in 1927 no longer feels a stranger. I spent hours of intense emotion in this building looking at pictures by Klee, Corinth, Nolde, and many others, and I only deplored the absence of Georg Grosz. Not all the work was of equal value, but it gave forth a singularly tragic aroma. The drama of the German soul unrolled

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itself on the walls of this museum, and each picture bore living witness to it. Men who demand that works of art not only give them visual joy but also a conception of the world and of life cannot fail to hear the dramatic message of German expressionism — the last attempt of a foundering people to rediscover their old feeling of Gothic reality far removed from the successive cults of Hellenism and rationalism. Georges Rouault has his place in this exhibition.

I was meditating on the fraternity of nations, and on the increasing chances of a spiritual entente between Germany and France, when the Neue Sachlichkeit was revealed to me. This vital form of realism is not new to Europe. In Russia it is called constructivism, and it appeared in France under the ægis of Léger and the *Esprit Nouveau*. The Neue Sachlichkeit was born in response to the desire not to create mere works of art but to build concrete organisms whose parts should function like the cogs of a perfect machine. The Neue Sachlichkeit is Americanism. It is the cult of use, of the object for its own sake. It is the cult of functional work, of professional conscience and utility. In behalf of the Neue Sachlichkeit it may be said that in it German art has rediscovered a certain optimism and acquired robust, juvenile health. It has become logical and rational. It has sold its soul to the Devil.

But the soul is a matter of almost no importance to the devotees of the Neue Sachlichkeit. Their aim is to make Germany healthy, and to make her healthy involves making her lose her taste for phantasmagorias and insane dreams. Similar attempts to Americanize the art of European countries have been made in France and in Russia, and we know that Americanism has become a mystical state religion in Russia. In Moscow the machine is the new idol. In France the *Esprit Nouveau* has exercised a happy and beneficial influence on applied arts and on architecture, reducing them to utilitarian terms and increasing their technical and constructive value.

The young surréaliste school has begun its career, and in France the art of the extreme advance guard has again become a language of the soul. Words like 'miracle,' 'inspiration,' 'mystery,' 'interior drama,' and 'magic,' which rationalized painters of the classic school had thrown into discredit, have been suddenly given the keys of the city. Everything is topsy-turvy. While the pioneers of the Neue Sachlichkeit draw their pictures with compass and T-square in hand, the surréaliste painters prefer automatic writing — in other words, unconscious work, the work of a medium obedient to fatality.

I am not attacking the Neue Sachlichkeit. I do not even deny that it may possess the ability to regenerate Germany as it recovers its strength and its *joie de vivre*. I only state that the obstacles the two peoples encounter are once more steering them in opposite directions in spite of their sincere desire for rapprochement. Close spiritual collaboration between the France of surréalisme and the Germany of the Neue Sachlichkeit presents certain difficulties. Commercial agreements will not be able to efface the divergent points of view of poets and artists, who may not express all the aspirations of their people, but at least reveal a quintessence of their own.

Surréalisme — Neue Sachlichkeit!

Who among the differing spirits knows the exact direction of these different tendencies, including as they do so many individual poets, painters, and sculptors? May these Platonic quarrels not cause a more profound misunderstanding!

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VOLTAIRE AND BOBBED HAIR[1]

BY ABEL HERMANT

'READ that!' shouted Bosy Gulliver, rushing into the temple of my library like a veritable pagan or barbarian. He stuck under my nose a tiny clipping that he had neatly snipped out of some newspaper. Although a mere nothing arouses his indignation, I admire, and even envy, such evidence of hot blood, utter inexperience, and charming ingenuousness.

'Let's see,' I said, smiling in advance.

He handed me the clipping, and I read: —

BISHOP LAUDS SHORT SKIRTS

Chicago, October 31. — The present feminine style of bobbed hair and short skirts was eulogized by Bishop Hughes, preaching yesterday in a local church. 'This style,' he said, 'is excellent for the health, and perfectly adapted to the customs of the day. I unreservedly condemn all who criticize it.'

'What do you think of a bishop like that?' asked Bosy.

'I think that he was either born wicked or that he has got that way since,' I replied. 'Ah, my dear Bosy, let me thank you again for having shown me that dispatch. This very minute I have in mind writing an Oriental tale of a moral or philosophic nature.'

'Oriental?' repeated Bosy. 'But Chicago is in the West.'

'But did n't Columbus try to reach India by setting sail for the Occident?'

'Yes, that's so. But how will you construct this Oriental story of yours?'

'You shall see. I shall operate before your very eyes, and thus follow the example of one of my most eminent confrères, M. André Gide, who has invented this way of making money twice out of the same idea. First he wrote a novel entitled *The Counterfeiters*, and then the *Journal of the Counterfeiters*. They fill two enormous volumes. I have less material. What you tell me is excellent, but rather slight, and I should have difficulty in giving it the proportions of a story if I did not join to the tale I shall write the journal of the tale.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Bosy. 'That's very amusing. Let's go to work.'

'All right. Have you read *Zadig?*'

'Yes,' acknowledged Bosy, in the same tone of voice in which he would have said, 'Would you believe it?'

'Good!' I replied. 'You are not alone. Nevertheless, I confess that Voltaire's stories have fewer readers than they deserve, and I always laugh when I remember a certain snobbish princess who was convinced that *L'Ingénu* was the subtitle of *Candide*.'

'But we are n't talking about *Candide* or *L'Ingénu*,' said Bosy severely; 'we're discussing *Zadig*.'

'Yes, and you will allow me to make use of that Babylonian sage, "endowed by natural good looks and fortified by education," and of King Serendib Nabussan, the son of Nussanab, the son of Nabussun, the son of Sanbuna, for they are immortal characters? Surely it is not unreasonable to

[1] From *Figaro* (Paris Radical daily), *November* 11

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imagine that they have survived to our day; and since they occupy no fixed point in time or in any stated country, I have the right to transfer to the isle of Serendib what happened on the thirty-first of October in Chicago.'

'But,' objected Bosy, 'the island of Serendib is in Asia, and Chicago is in America.'

'You refuse to learn, then? I shall reply to this objection of yours by reminding you, as I did just a moment ago, of the paradoxical itinerary of Christopher Columbus.'

'Good.'

'Therefore, behold our Zadig returning to Serendib after a long vacation. First of all he presents his homage to the King. Nabussan gives him a hearty welcome and is as sincerely glad to see him as a king can be to see a sage. After the first embraces are over, His Majesty deigns to confess that he has some grave cares on his mind.

'"About the time of your departure," he says, "the women of my Empire began to shorten their skirts. First they showed their ankles, then the lower part of their calves, then the middle, and then the whole thing. They are now revealing their knees, and the only way of telling a fashionable dress from the loin cloths that bathers wrap round their middles is by the price and quality of the material."

'"Sire," replied Zadig, "I do not carry my eyes in my pocket, and I saw all that very distinctly during the short automobile ride from the gates of the city to the sublime doors of your seraglio."

'"That is not all," continued the King. "Not only are the girls shortening their skirts, but they are cutting off their hair, and with their slender figures they are getting to look more and more like boys."

'"Sire," repeated Zadig, "I have also observed that."'

'How are you going to have Zadig notice that, when all the women in those countries wear veils?' objected Bosy, who was growing angry, for he suspected me of making fun of him.

'You ought to know,' I replied, 'that the women in the Orient are emancipated and do not wear veils any more. At most you could only reproach me with an anachronism. But how many times do I have to tell you that I pay no attention to such matters? Since your interruption has no point, I proceed.

'"Your Majesty," suggested Zadig, "has not tried to administer any remedy for this deplorable lack of decency and conventionality?"

'"I have tried them all," said the King; "but in vain. I don't know how many women are coquettes, but I have had art critics explain to them that a leg is seldom well shaped, that there are no faultless knees, and that it would be much more to their interest to hide what they now so imprudently display. They have refused to give ear."

'"That does not astonish me, Sire," says Zadig. "They have no feeling for real beauty of form. They only understand the beauty of tailoring, — or meretricious decoration of real beauty, — and that is just now the fashion."

'"Since most of them are at least reverent, if not actually pious," pursued Nabussan, "I threatened them with the torments of Hell. At my command the ministers of our religion announced from all the pulpits in the realm that these women's lack of modesty was an abomination in the sight of Allah and His Prophet. This line of attack proved no more successful than the artistic one, and I do not know to what saint I should turn now."

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"'Sire," said Zadig, "religion will save us. Let me attend to it."

'The King gave him carte blanche as usual, and after a brief conversation the chaplain followed Zadig's advice and the next day preached the same sermon that the American bishop did. Since we have already read a résumé of that pronouncement in the news dispatch from Chicago, there is no need to repeat it. In any case, all the women who heard the chaplain of Serendib cried out in indignation. Actually, however, they were less happy than one might imagine at being encouraged to indulge their caprice and bad taste to the limit. More than one of them, on returning home that evening, decided that her dress was too short and had it lengthened a few inches. So Nabussan's chaplain kept on preaching the new gospel of short skirts and short hair, and the women kept on lengthening their dresses, until it finally became necessary to change the sermon and commend the ladies on their ample attire. Indeed, if this had not been done, the old-fashioned sweeping styles, violating every sanitary principle, would have been reëstablished.

'Well, Bosy, tell me how you like my Oriental tale.'

'Utterly absurd; but so extremely amusing!'

AGE

BY M. D. TURNER

[*Sunday Times*]

TWILIGHT has brought me her gifts,
Silver where once was gold.
For the song of youth is sung,
And the last tale is told.
And nothing of hope is left,
No dream to take home at the last,
For pain and pleasure are dead
And passion is past.
Over the whispering woods
The curve of the moon sails by,
Like a silver ship in the gray
Of a darkening sky.
No wind in the waiting trees,
No stir of a bird's swift flight,
But the lost sun over the hill
And the creeping night.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

The Kaiser's New Brother-in-law

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown, but uneasier still lies a head bereft of its crown and tormented with the idea that its sister has become the wife of a man named Alexander Zoubkov. Nor is this all. The youthful Russian refugee who married the sixty-two-year-old Princess Viktoria Hohenzollern does not like the rumors that are being circulated about him, and wishes to have them stopped at once. Always ready to assist royalty in distress, we therefore gladly take this opportunity to spike the malicious reports that have been causing the former imperial family of Germany such undeserved distress. For one thing, Alexander is not a mere child of twenty-three, but a grown man of twenty-eight, well on his way to the ripe age of thirty. He also wishes us, and any other well-disposed person or persons, to contradict the statement that he once earned his living as a dancing partner. It annoys the Princess.

According to his own story, as revealed to a group of enthralled press correspondents, he has roughed it considerably during the past ten years. He is the scion of a minor Russian noble family that once owned one of the most fashionable and exclusive textile factories in Moscow. When the Revolution broke out, Alexander was studying medicine in his native city, but his political views forced him to leave the country via Reval and Sweden. An attempt to disguise himself as a Finn failed, but he finally obtained a position on a Norwegian steamer, where he worked for three years. From this point he jumps to the early weeks of 1927, when he found himself broke in Berlin. Living in waiting-rooms and garrets, and picking up a few marks as a porter, he managed to sustain life until he secured a regular job washing dishes. Later he broke into the movies as a super at the Ufa film studio.

Asked how he met the Princess, he replied, 'One day my lucky star led me to Bonn.' He was headed at the time for Antwerp, where he hoped to return to his nautical career, but lack of funds made it necessary for him to get off his train at Cologne. At this point he remembered that a relative refugee in Bonn might be able to help him out, and he therefore made his way to that spot, shortly before the Princess gave a party to which this very refugee was invited. Borrowing a suit of clothes, Alexander went to the party too, and apparently it was a case of love at first sight.

His honeymoon is to last until the second week in February, when he will return to Bonn but not to idleness. Once more the movies have called him, in terms that even a born Hohenzollern could not refuse. The Kaiser, however, still withholds comment.

Dr. Feuchtwanger's Doings

LION FEUCHTWANGER is a busy man nowadays. His historical novel, *Power*, published in England as *Jew Süss*, enjoyed large sales as well as a *succès d'estime* on both sides of the Atlantic, and his latest book, *The Ugly Countess* (*Die Hässliche Herzogin*) seems likely to duplicate the career of its predecessor. In Germany, meanwhile, Dr.

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Feuchtwanger is establishing himself as a dramatist as well as a writer of fiction, and the Deutsches Schauspielhaus in Hamburg has just put on his new play, *The Petroleum Islands*, the plot of which roughly corresponds to that of *The Ugly Countess*.

Deborah Grey — otherwise known as the 'she-ape' — can buy men with her money and subdue them with her will. She sets up in the oil business on a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, where she comes to grips with a beautiful half-breed named Peruchacha, who uses a different but more time-honored method of getting her man. The rivalry between the two women centres upon a certain Ingram, agent for the inevitable 'Russian interests,' who tells Peruchacha, while in his cups, how the Oil Queen works. As a result of this indiscretion the man is hounded from the island, and his beautiful light-o'-love is murdered at the instance of the angry Deborah, who knows and has to tolerate her nickname, but whose forbearance has its limits. To impart the correct American atmosphere the producer has interlarded the scenes of this tragedy with movie subtitles, accompanied by jazz music.

Shortly after this play appeared its author decided to visit England. Although familiar with the literature of the country, as well as with many modern American writers, he had never been there, and just before his departure he gave a representative of the London *Observer* his impressions of contemporary Anglo-Saxon letters. French writers, he claimed, no longer have anything like the prestige they used to enjoy in Germany at the time of Zola and de Maupassant. Shaw and Wilde, of the pre-war crop, still command a certain following, but Galsworthy and Kipling, in spite of the latter's prejudices against Germany, now wield the greatest influence. Somerset Maugham and Noel Coward are also placed quite high — in fact, rather higher than in their native country.

Of the American authors Sinclair Lewis is by far the most popular and influential. Upton Sinclair has been read in Germany for some time, and has had an effect on purely polemical writing, but Lewis has revolutionized the old-fashioned German view of America as a paradise of cowboys and substituted for that picture the Main Streets and Babbitts with which some of us are so painfully familiar. Lewis's cinematographic method, and 'the vivid way he has of placing parallel events in juxtaposition,' are being copied now by German novelists. Hergesheimer was the first American writer to be discovered by Germans after the war, but Feuchtwanger says nothing about Theodore Dreiser, who, if not widely read, is at any rate well known and highly esteemed. The fact that Dos Passos has any following at all must be due to the German public's not knowing that he once wrote a play called *The Moon Is a Gong*.

The Tomb of Genghis Khan

Professor Kosloff, a Russian archæologist and explorer, claims to have discovered the grave of Genghis Khan, the half-legendary, half-historical Mongolian emperor. The scene of the excavations lies in the Gobi Desert, six hundred miles morthwest of Peking, near a ruined town called Khara Khoto. It was in the same region that Roy Chapman Andrews unearthed his famous dinosaur eggs. In fact, both the American and the Russian explorer were investigating early racial history in the inhospitable desert wastes.

The undespoiled burial place of the greatest foreigner who ever ruled China is said to rival the tomb of King Tut

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himself in its splendor. The immense mausoleum, hewn out of a mountain side, contains a silver sarcophagus resting upon seventy-eight gold and silver crowns studded with diamonds and other precious stones. These crowns had been worn by minor khans, who were contributory princes to the great ruler. The large chamber also contained a jade bust of Genghis Khan, many astrological instruments, and an ivory throne transported from India. Life-size jade statues of a horse, a tiger, and a lion guarded the entrance of the mausoleum, and in the same anteroom seven Tibetan priests still stand on perpetual guard and unfailingly ring an enormous jade death bell seven times every seven hours. In another chamber lay the last will and testament of Genghis Khan, together with a Bible illuminated by a thirteenth-century English monk and a portable writing desk, once the property of Marco Polo.

Almost two hundred miles from the burial place of Genghis Khan Professor Kosloff found the marble sarcophagus of the Mongol empress. The epitaph read: 'Here lies Queen Dolma, buried by the great Khan, who freed her from this life that she might go ahead to prepare a place for him. The Khan set her soul free by stabbing her with his knife, and she died in his arms, seven days before he himself joined her.'

Born in 1162, Genghis Khan succeeded at the age of thirteen to the chieftainship of a minor Mongol tribe. By following his mother's sage advice he conquered several surrounding tribes, which he formed into a Mongol Empire before turning his attention to the Tatars who had wrested the control of China from the Sung dynasty. He succeeded in penetrating beyond the Great Wall, and compelled the Tatar emperor to flee from Peking to Kaifeng. On another occasion, when Genghis Khan's attempts to make peace were received insultingly by Shah Mohammed, the Moslem leader, they fought a terrific battle in which two fifths of the Mohammedans engaging in the fray were killed. The Mongol also waged successful war against Russia in the West, and when Genghis Khan died on the banks of the River Sale in Mongolia he had seen his armies win victories from the China Sea to the banks of the Dnieper.

Paul Morand has spun a clever yarn around the skull of Genghis Khan's horse and the evil fortune that attended those who owned it, and many popular biographies of the great leader have also appeared. No doubt the discovery of his tomb will produce a new sheaf of legends.

German Intelligence Tested

To determine the fame of various prominent figures and the level of the national intelligence, the *Literarische Welt*, Germany's only literary weekly, has been conducting a series of examinations among eleven representative people, who included a barber, a trolley-car conductor, a woman owner of a large apartment house, a foreman in a rayon warehouse, and a farmer. The ages of this group varied between forty and fifty years. As representatives of the younger generation the following were selected: a dressmaker, a bookstore clerk, a college girl, a bookkeeper, a lawyer, and a locksmith's apprentice.

Each of the eleven victims was asked to identify twenty-three different personages, some living and some dead. Henry Ford's name was the most familiar one on the list, the fifty-year-old farmer being the only one who failed to recognize and describe him correctly. Hauptmann and Stresemann were identified by everyone, but the farmer did not know to what

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party Stresemann belonged, nor could he name any of Hauptmann's works. The same man said that Edison was an Englishman, and that Hitler was some minister or other. The only question he got right was that Karl Marx was a Communist leader. Seventeen of the twenty-three names he had never heard of.

Some of the other competitors were nearly as bad. Five of them confused Karl Marx with the present German Chancellor, and, of the four who even dared to guess at Horthy, one made him a Czech politician. Only two knew that Kreisler was a violinist, and the factory foreman identified him with the Chrysler automobile. Georg Brandes and Freud likewise were correctly described by only two of the contestants, but Thomas Mann turned out to be much better known. One person identified Matteotti as a Fascist leader; another said he was a living politician; the rest had never heard of him.

The twenty-seven-year-old bookstore clerk made the best record, and the farmer made the worst, though he was closely pressed by the woman who owned the apartment house. The barber guessed at ten of the names and got five of them right, but the college girl and the locksmith's apprentice came out near the top of the list. Youth showed itself considerably better informed than age, and between the men and women competitors there was little to chose.

Babied by Baboons

TWENTY-FIVE years ago two members of the South African Cape Police encountered a troop of baboons in a particularly barren stretch of country. As the men fired all the beasts scattered, save one who lagged behind. Thinking they had wounded the animal, the two troopers rushed forward — only to find that they were not chasing a monkey, but a well-grown native boy who hopped along on all fours like his simian ancestors. He was captured with some difficulty, — for without clothes he proved slippery handling, — and was at once turned over to a mental hospital, which cared for him for a year. At first he could not talk, and he refused all food except prickly pears. Gradually, however, he learned to speak a little English, and he finally proved so docile that he was committed to the care of a Mr. G. H. Smith, the owner of a large farm.

Lucas, as the boy was called, had no recollection of his human forbears, though he did in time disclose the habits of his baboon friends. He remembered one monkey that used to take him in its arms on cold nights, and he recalled joyfully how they would appease the hunger from which they constantly suffered by devouring crickets. On being interviewed by a local correspondent of the *Morning Post*, Lucas confessed that he had never been able to learn the meaning of time. Even sunset and sunrise mean nothing to him, and he is only capable of doing what he is told at the moment the order is given. Yet in spite of his drawbacks his employers say that they would not change him for two other natives. He can lift and carry two sacks weighing a hundred pounds each; he runs a ten-mile errand without stopping once for breath; he will work a lathe unceasingly. His greatest joy and chief task consist in looking out for children, with whom he has proved himself a model of gentle good-nature. His one vice is snobbishness. It seems that the Smith household possesses a pet baboon, to which the ungrateful Lucas pays no attention. With all the opportunity he has had to observe the workings of Anglo-Saxon good-

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fellowship, he might show a more democractic attitude toward his step-family's relations.

The Drama in Norway

ALTHOUGH Ibsen could not lay claim to being more than half Norwegian, since his father's family for five generations included only Danish, German, and Scottish strains, his impending centenary will be marked by outbursts of intense nationalism. Chief among these is the Landsmaal, or Real Norwegian Movement, which asserts that the language commonly spoken in Norway is not Norwegian at all, but a Danish dialect. The devotees of this cult have gone so far as to establish in the capital a theatre of their own where only Landsmaal Norwegian is spoken. They find themselves, however, in an embarrassing position, for the one great writer that Norway has produced ridiculed their activities in the madhouse scene of *Peer Gynt*. Ibsen's son refuses to allow his father's work to appear in a mangled form, and, since the Landsmaal theatre forbids the use of any dialect but its own, the celebration may turn into a Hamletless *Hamlet*.

Norwegian patriots can, however, congratulate themselves on the appearance of a new dramatist, named Nordahl Grieg, a relative of the composer, on whom Ibsen's mantle may have fallen, though it is still a little early to tell. Young Grieg's first novel, *The Ship Goes On*, appeared last year, and has already been translated into nine languages. This autumn he published a volume of poems and finished two plays, one of which has been presented at the National Theatre in Oslo and the other at the National Theatre in Bergen. The Oslo drama, entitled *Barabbas*, marks a break in the old scenic tradition which his other play, *The Love of a Young Man*, maintains. *Barabbas* is described as 'a drama of Palestine two thousand years ago, of China to-day, and of India to-morrow.' The plot is developed through eight continuous scenes, and deals with the eternal conflict between the Christian conception of life and the worldly view of things, with Barabbas and Christ representing the two opposite attitudes of a conquered nation toward its oppressors. The play has proved a great success, and a brilliant future seems to await its author.

Germany's Road to Ruin

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY, German Ambassador in London at the outbreak of the war, has published two outspoken volumes of reminiscences, entitled *The Road to Ruin*, in which he blames his own country for the position in which it found itself in 1914. Unlike Professor Brandenburg and Emil Ludwig, who represent a school of thought that looks upon Bismarck as a Liberal *malgré lui*, the Prince accuses the Iron Chancellor of having failed to realize the importance of Russia and of having placed altogether too much faith in the empire of the Hapsburgs. 'The mistakes of the master dominated the whole succeeding age,' says Lichnowsky, 'and were developed into a system which ultimately led to our downfall.'

Although chiefly concerned with discrediting the Kaiser's ministers, Prince Lichnowsky seems to place more responsibility on Bismarck than published documents warrant, but his strictures against German stupidity during the twenty-five years preceding the war have already found many supporters in his native country. 'We were,' he says, 'by far the strongest Power in Europe, and we alarmed the world by our increasing armaments on

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land and sea. By rejecting any restriction of armaments, by challenging speeches about the "mailed fist" and similar fanfares and rodomontades, and by repeated and senseless crises, we gave the other Powers no choice but humiliation or war, and created the impression that we should regard a new passage of arms as not unwelcome.'

It is only human nature on Prince Lichnowsky's part to point out that he alone saw things as they really were. He laid any amount of stock in the benevolence of Lord Grey, and still cherishes the warmest feelings toward a Foreign Secretary who never had enough curiosity about foreign countries to leave England until after 1914. Lichnowsky also pays the highest tribute to Sir William Tyrrell, now permanent Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs, and formerly Lord Grey's chief assistant. The Prince, whose unpatriotic views made it necessary for him to move to Switzerland in 1918, asserts that England would never have tolerated a second Sedan, and that Germany's failure to recognize that fundamental fact made war inevitable.

As Others Hear Us

UNLESS it be a New Jersey Rhodes scholar putting on his English accent for the benefit of the Englewood intellectuals, there is nothing in the world more painful than a British attempt to reproduce American slang. The usually sophisticated *Saturday Review* has been guilty in the course of one of its weekly competitions of offering a prize for the best version of Mark Antony's funeral oration as it would be delivered by an American mayor, and to judge from the two winning efforts Mr. Thompson would do well to turn his energies toward improving the Englishman's knowledge of this country, which must be almost as defective as the new view of American history that we had foisted upon us in 1917 along with the 'Huns.'

The winning effort, particularly commended as 'the wittiest and most essentially vulgar entry,' contains the following felicities: 'Bru's white and clean. Reckon they're all hundred-per-cent cutey boys. See here, did'n ole Ju rake in the dols with them hoofers he trekked hum right here; did'n he pass the sob-stuff over to the down-unders; did'n he say "No Bid" three times when I passed him up the lil ole brass hat? Call that the big boost?'

The second prize was awarded to a speech that is obviously intended to breathe the great spirit of the Far West, perhaps even of Chicago itself. 'Pards,' exclaims this cowboy Antony, 'I'm not going to shoot off my mouth against Brutus and his fans; they're all white men, I guess. I'm here to let go some remarks on poor old Julius.' The remarks close with this sentence: 'Well then, he's left you all seventy-five dollars apiece, and donated his real estate to the city for a park and baseball ground.'

We cannot refrain from suggesting that an exchange professorship be at once arranged, with Ring Lardner teaching American slang to young British authors who want to succeed in a big way, and either Sacheverell or Osbert Sitwell — they could toss for it — instructing Anderson, Dreiser, and Cabell in the correct use of English speech.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Ugly Duchess: An Historical Romance, by Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. London: Martin Secker, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Nation and Athenæum*]

In *The Ugly Duchess*, as in *Jew Süss*, Herr Lion Feuchtwanger has welded a psychological with an historical theme, without sacrificing either to the other. The fact that he has written a play, recently performed in Hamburg, on the same theme of a strong-minded woman whose schemes are brought to nothing by her physical repulsiveness shows that he regards his characters as men and women first, and only afterward as historical figures. For the woman in the play lives in a world which is more modern than 1927; whereas the Ugly Duchess was that Margarete who bequeathed Tyrol to the house of Hapsburg.

For the most part, those romances which are 'woven' round famous and well-documented people — Queen Elizabeth, Nelson, and Villon are favorite victims — are unwarrantable offenses against both good taste and truth. But Herr Feuchtwanger is easily exonerated from the charge of abusing history, and only specialists in the period will hasten to the British Museum in search of anachronisms and misinterpretations. For Rudolf of Hapsburg and Ludwig of Bavaria are not so famous as to be public property, and Herr Feuchtwanger is justified in building up their characters from the hints of chroniclers and by his own imaginative understanding of the mediæval mind. And he must be judged by the success with which he makes these characters alive to us, against a background which is no mere archæological mosaic.

To a great extent, Herr Feuchtwanger has succeeded in his double endeavor. He has certainly made clear his several historical theses — the emergence of the House of Hapsburg to domination over the disintegrating Holy Roman Empire; the victory of statesmen and merchants over warriors; and the fall of chivalry in the person of the blind King of Bohemia. While his psychological argument — that a woman, however able and masterful, can ultimately rule only with the help of woman's weapons — is brilliantly demonstrated. Margarete works wonders for her country, and devotes her energy to making Tyrol for the Tyroleans; yet all credit and gratitude go to her lovely, unscrupulous rival, who gets the better of her even in death.

But somehow, though the various parts are brilliant, the whole book is not so enthralling or compelling as *Jew Süss*; for the narrative and ideas never march forward of their innate vitality, and we sometimes feel as if Herr Feuchtwanger — and we with him — were pushing them on through a morass of words. Over and over again, a noun is qualified by three adjectives — none of them superfluous, it is true, since each one adds a valuable shade of meaning, but each tending to deaden us to the significance of the others. In *Jew Süss* we recognized this profusion as the bigness and fertility of genius, which can often best express itself pyrotechnically, in a series of efflorescent explosions. But as the ideas behind *The Ugly Duchess* are not of this inspired sort, and the characters never profoundly move us, we cannot this time soar so thrillingly in the blaze of Herr Feuchtwanger's rockets.

The Blessing of Pan, by Lord Dunsany. London: Putnam, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Quite unusual expectations of pleasure are aroused by this book. Its title and the name of its author combined seem to promise at once something delicate and heady, strange flavors as of wild acacia honey and draughts of pagan wine. And indeed this story of a village going back to Pan, while the vicarage, like a beleaguered garrison, sends out

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hopeless appeals for help to the bishop's palace, is as fantastic and dreamlike as one could wish, and with that persuasive power to make one murmur, 'After all, why not?' But for all its many excellent qualities, apt descriptions, neat invention, sly humor, and pointed expression of thoughts and regrets that must find an echo in countless hearts, the book seems to lack some necessary lyric impulse. It is told, of course, in a purposely simple, plain manner, as though recounting — at any rate at first — a routine parish difficulty, which a bishop's help and advice must overcome, till gradually the bland ecclesiastical refusal to admit any difficulty at all throws the poor distraught clergyman on his own resources. But one would like to feel beneath this superficial manner of everyday worry and everyday concern a tremendous elemental force gathering, a gradually increasing excitement. One would like the village to go back to Pan with pæans of triumph in a wild, defiant impulse, not in this furtive, almost listless, manner. But perhaps this is the fault of the reader, whose ears have been too tormented by pneumatic drills, and whose imagination has been too often stimulated by trivial excitements, to respond as readily as justice demands to the low, pale tones of a literary craftsman of genius describing the thin, reedy notes of Pan.

Cromwell: A Character Study, by John Drinkwater. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

In the same sense in which it has been said that every man is born either an Aristotelian or a Platonist, it might also be added that every man is at heart either a Cavalier or a Roundhead. Ideas or deeds, dream or practice — the age-old division runs through all. Mr. John Drinkwater has no hesitation about his own choice. Cromwell, he says, 'has always been one of my splendid heroes'; and again, 'while he had displayed incomparable military genius, and superb personal heroism, he was in his heart nothing of a soldier and all a patriot.' The splendid hero, the patriot at heart, such is the Cromwell of Mr. Drinkwater's dreams, and, considering the enthusiasm with which he sets out, it must be admitted that Cromwell's latest biographer keeps his head very well, as he unrolls, with a clear narrative gift and a conscientious effort toward impartiality, the crabbed and sullied record of civil war and regicide. Of course, he is no friend of the Stuarts. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, he is convinced, was interpreted by James I as the King's right to spend the public money; and England had been for so long living on her capital that the day of reckoning was bound to come. The Puritans won the war because their discipline and morale were better than those of the Cavaliers; and, though the murder of the King was deplorable, it was the only way out if England was to be saved. 'His death,' says Mr. Drinkwater, 'was a solution from which the instinct recoils, but the reason casts about in vain for any other.'

With so much breadth of judgment as can be reconciled with this particular point of view, Mr. Drinkwater has told his story clearly, vividly, and yet calmly. He marshals his incidents with skill, and offers in miniature the fruit of much study and mental assimilation. And upon one point all will agree with him. The most resolute attacks upon Cromwell's character do undoubtedly leave him still a figure of commanding stature. He was inspired with the sense of a mission, and followed his inspiration without fear or favor. That he believed himself to be right is the first truth about even the worst of his mistakes.

Toryism and the Twentieth Century, by Major Walter Elliot, M.P. With an Introduction by the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin, M.P. London: Philip Allan, 1927. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

Any book on Toryism written by Major Walter Elliot and introduced by the Prime Minister is a topical event. This book is not very much more. It reads as if written in haste, in different moods, almost by different hands. It begins by distinguishing two great points of view — the Right, or Tory, believing in 'the humility of the intellect, and therefore a trust in con-

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tinuity' (for example, Ruskin, Mr. Chesterton, and, in this chapter, Major Elliot); the Left, or rationalist, believing in 'the arrogance of the intellect' and working always from first principles (for example, Rousseau and Bentham). The next two chapters are an analysis, rather ideological, from the Right, or Tory, angle, of English history, period 1641–1848. The fourth chapter is a more realistic analysis of the twentieth century from an angle neither Right nor Left and with very little about Toryism in it. The last chapter defends the traditionalist Right against the rationalist Left on the ground that modern biologists are interested in heredity and quarrel with the idea of pure reason. But of course a biologist does n't accept irrational hypotheses because they are traditions; and he is interested in continuity because it is, like change, one of the facts which he had to explain. . . .

Mr. Baldwin's introduction is cordial, but a bit baffled. Most Conservatives, not being Tories, will be either bewildered or pained by this lively apologia.

In the Country of the Blue Nile, by C. F. Rey. London: Duckworth, 1927. 25*s.* net.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE somewhat misleading title of this book covers really two distinct subjects — that is to say, some account of Abyssinia as it is to-day, which forms the beginning and end, and a description of a journey to the Blue Nile gorge, which forms the middle. . . .

Though the Blue Nile gives its name to the book, as it inspires the color of its binding, Mr. Rey's journey had really not much to do with the Blue Nile and its valley; nor was it, unless he has carefully suppressed all trace of his observations, of any scientific value, which is a pity, even though Gojam is not quite as unknown as he seems to think. Its merit is that it is a record of a cheerful and courteous traveler, who liked and appreciated the folk among whom he journeyed and evidently got on well with high and low. His description of the exceedingly capable Ras Hailu, Governor of Gojam, is interesting, and throws a flood of light on the point he makes, that the Central Government of Abyssinia and Ras Taffari, the Regent, may have the best intentions in the matter of reform, but that it is useless for the League of Nations or European Powers to suppose that undertakings by the Central Government can always be carried out even with the best will in the world. Mr. Rey is sound and cautious as to the intrigues, rather discreditable to certain Powers, which ended in Abyssinia becoming a member of the League of Nations; now that she is a member, the only course for Europe is to hope for the best and help her as far as possible in her dealings with slavery. As has often been pointed out at Geneva and elsewhere, slavery is one thing and slave trading another; but we fear that Mr. Rey is unduly optimistic as to the matter of slave trading in South Abyssinia, as a perusal of consular reports would show. Mr. Rey's chapter on the Lake Tsana dam question is timely, and sets forth the British case, fortified by original documents, very fairly; but it is difficult not to believe that British diplomacy was blundering in method, however good its intentions. It is certainly time for the British Government to wake up to the fact that our representative in Addis Ababa needs to be a first-class man, with, if possible, a knowledge of the language and a gift of sympathy. . . . As a popular introduction to Abyssinia and its modern problems the book is well enough.

Red Sky at Morning, by Margaret Kennedy. London: Heinemann and Company; Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, $2.50.

[Edwin Muir in the *Nation and Athenæum*]

MISS KENNEDY'S great merit is that of awakening in us an unusual degree of interest. The mood of great expectation which certain great novelists create she can create too; she puts us in a state in which we confidently await a profound revelation. Unfortunately, she leaves us in it. For the first third of *Red Sky at Morning* the mood, with one or two lapses, is maintained: the childhood of Trevor and Charlotte, William and Emily, is described with spirit and power. What will become of those extraor-

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dinary children? we ask apprehensively, looking forward to the time when as men and women they will live in an adult world. But our apprehensions are idle; nothing changes; the characters never grow up. Miss Kennedy calls them writers and Bohemians, these being commonly held to be the most childish of adults; but they are not even that. In the present novel, as in *The Constant Nymph*, she has to arrange the setting for an odd and irresponsible interior; it masquerades as a Bohemian colony, but in reality it is a nursery of very naughty children. But feeling all this, or, worse still, recognizing it, the reader cannot take the sufferings of the characters so seriously as the author demands; and when William shoots Trevor, and Trevor unfortunately dies, we feel it is more a matter for the governess than for the police. The disadvantage, in short, of a world so completely irresponsible is that nothing that happens in it has the power to move us profoundly; events which would be tragedy to people really grown up are seen as childish misfortunes. Miss Kennedy does not obviously sentimentalize her characters; but the world she arranges for them is a sentimental one, and has little connection with the real world. Her preoccupation, conscious and unconscious, being with children, however, she is at her best in describing children, and the first part of this novel, as of *The Constant Nymph*, is by far the most valuable. The rest of the book, though spirited enough in appearance, is really almost worthless.

Benighted, by J. B. Priestley. London: William Heinemann, 1927. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

Mr. J. B. Priestley's new novel is a new (and successful) experiment in the macabre. It is alternately fantastic and rather dreadful. At moments it mystifies and thrills you; at others it is introducing you to a new sort of comedy. Five people are forced to take shelter from a storm in a lonely old house somewhere in mountainous Wales. They are by no means welcome, and they could hardly have made an unluckier choice. Three brothers and a sister live in the house, and only one of them, an invalid in bed, is really sane. There is a dumb butler of Herculean build to look after them. Very cunningly Mr. Priestley prepares the way for the horror that has to be. There is a scene at supper, when guests and hosts alike agree to tell the truth about themselves; there is a little romance in the rain-sodden car which is the most delicate and beautiful thing that Mr. Priestley has yet written; and then, after the grimmest business of all, comes the dawn. It is a very strange book, not least so because, in spite of the horrors, it leaves you in a state of exhilaration.

Nuda Veritas, by Clare Sheridan. London: Butterworth, 1927. 21*s.*

[*Observer*]

When it was learned that Clare Sheridan, a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill, and well known in London society, had accompanied Kamenev to Moscow in order to make busts of Lenin and Trotskii, the cables buzzed, and when she returned to England she found herself a sufficiently notorious person. As a good rebel she made the most of that notoriety. It was almost accidentally that she had discovered her powers as a sculptor, and in much the same haphazard way she found that she could make good use of her pen. . . . Now, in a book which is extraordinarily frank and outspoken, — and, incidentally, one of the most entertaining volumes of memoirs issued for some time, — she gives us the story of her own very picturesque life. You see her playing with the small Winston, making friends with foreign kings and English princesses, corresponding with Henry James and George Moore, and marrying for love. . . . She is intimate and vivid and intellectually honest. You cannot call her book indiscreet, for the word sounds stupid, but that is not to say that everybody will approve. Yet even those who disapprove the most must bear witness to its merits, for every page is human and alive.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Problem of Lay-Analysis, by Sigmund Freud. New York: Brentano's, 1927. $2.50.

The Theory and Technique of Psycho-Analysis, by Sandor Ferenczi. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1927. $5.00.

PSYCHOANALYSIS has virtually established itself as a valuable adjunct to the medical sciences. That its practice should not be solely limited to physicians, particularly in Austria, is the thesis of Dr. Freud's Socratic discussion that occupies half of his book. The remainder is an autobiography of the eminent doctor, in which he assures us that he had a solid medical education and conducted no small amount of research before propounding his theories.

His coworker, Dr. Ferenczi, has written a volume of notes, cases, lectures, and articles on the method and theory of the newest curative art. The material is valuable not only to the physician and specialist, but also to the modern novelist, who may profit by the studies of dream symbolism and obsessions. The lay reader may find many of his own idiosyncrasies, such as aversion to scratching glass or the annoyance of unnecessary hands while making a speech, explained according to the basic principles of the science. Psychoanalysis, however, is still in a dangerous youthful period, and may suffer from some of those very evils which it attempts to eradicate.

The Days of the King, by Bruno Frank. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $2.50.

To call Bruno Frank a German E. Barrington, even on the strength of this one book, would be hardly fair, in spite of a superficial resemblance. Taking Frederick the Great as his central figure, Herr Frank gives us three imaginary episodes from the last days of that great man's life. The comparison to Miss Barrington ends here, however, for this author does not rely, or even touch upon, sex appeal to make his historical characters what is known as 'human.' American readers will also be surprised that Herr Frank could not seem to make up his mind whether to write history or fiction, or at least a full-length book, and they may justly resent being asked to spend two dollars and a half for one sketch, one short story, and one 'novelette,' all three of which take scarcely two hours and a half to read. The publisher, however, is engaged on the highly laudable task of introducing this country to some of the leading writers of modern Germany, and there has certainly never been a time in our history when anyone has shown the enterprise that Mr. Knopf displays in assuming what cannot be a highly remunerative task, even at two-fifty a volume. *The Days of the King* may, therefore, seem a little remote from our interests, but it reflects an important aspect of modern Germany, which is turning in the hour of its defeat to its former heroes. And more important still, no one can fail to admire the dexterity and literary quality that the author displays.

The Paul Street Boys, by Ferenc Molnar. Translated by Louis Rittenberg. New York: Macy-Masius, 1927. $2.00.

THIS whimsical and tender novel of a group of boys in Budapest is astonishingly different from the sophistication we usually associate with Ferenc, or Franz, Molnar, although we find that same subtle touch which makes this Hungarian novelist and dramatist preëminent in Central Europe. The universal appeal of his writing is evident when we realize that New York, London, Buenos Aires, or Kokomo would have done as well as Budapest for a background. Anyone who has grown up in a city and played on a vacant lot which he valiantly defended against all outsiders will understand exactly how Csele, Boka, Csonakos, Kolnay, Barabas, and Nemecsek felt about their *Grund*. Their sacred soil

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was a fascinating lumberyard with fortresses in the piles of wood. Here is where the secret Putty Collectors' Club held their meetings, while an army, in which all the boys were officers except for little Nemecsek and Hector the dog, defended the place against all intruders. We admire Boka, the captain of the Paul Street Boys, and Feri Ats, leader of the Redshirts, an enemy organization including the dreaded Pasztor brothers; but our heart goes out to brave little Nemecsek who could tell an honorable lie, and who died from a cold which he caught while fighting for his *Grund*.

Readers who would like to see themselves as youngsters — and there are very few of us who would not — need only turn to this delightful and charming book. It is written with sincerity, sympathy, and understanding. The consummate artistry of Molnar crystallizes all the spirit of a boy's love of adventure.

How the Soviets Work, by H. N. Brailsford; **The Economic Organization of the Soviet Union,** by Scott Nearing and Jack Hardy; **Soviet Russia and Her Neighbors,** by R. Page Arnot; **Village Life under the Soviets,** by Karl Borders; **Religion under the Soviets,** by Julius F. Hecker. New York: Vanguard Press, 1927. 50 c. each.

UNDER the direction of Jerome Davis of Yale University the Vanguard Press is publishing a series of books intended to enlighten the American public on the present state of affairs in Soviet Russia. A suspiciously rosy picture is painted, but the statistics which several of these authors cite apparently bear out the conclusion that definite progress is taking place despite the animosity of much of Western Europe. But statistics and sleight-of-hand have much in common.

The economic and political organization of the Soviet Union is concisely presented by authors whose Red propensities have been bleached to an innocuous pink. The highly centralized government, and the part which the laborer and peasant play in its control, are admirably explained in Mr. Brailsford's study, while the account of Soviet business by Nearing and Hardy contains a wealth of statistics on the vast resources of Russia and on Soviet development. The discussion of the concession policy will particularly interest many American business men. The volumes dealing with the social life of the country convince us that, although improvement may have taken place, the people are not so comfortable as they are in other European countries. Although carelessly copyread, we can overlook defects in these books which cost so little and contain so much.

A Short History of Women, by John Langdon-Davies. New York: The Viking Press, 1927. $3.00.

MR. LANGDON-DAVIES has written a good history of sexual relationship, for he would substitute for the popular Freudian notion that everything is based on sex the idea that all female action has this end in view. On the whole, however, the author's purpose is not so much to explain the mystery of woman, if such there be, as it is to trace her descent through the ages. That Christianity is the great enemy of woman, and that the present equality of the sexes will lead to domination by the female in the next century, are the two most startling opinions in this volume. The latter idea is founded upon a rather weak base, as are many other statements in the book, for long before his prophetic epilogue the author has told us that Sparta, which was 'the first and only practitioner of equality of the sexes,' fell into decay and left nothing to posterity. The concluding note is sounder — there is no progress in the history of woman, but merely fluctuation. The same, however, holds good for men.

This volume is eminently readable, and superficially scholarly, but there are loopholes in its clever young author's learning. At the age of thirty Mr. Langdon-Davies has tackled an immense subject, and we should not judge youthful slips too harshly.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

As my guiding principle I have followed the advice of Martin Luther, who said: 'If you want to make a good strong speech, remember that you are the most important man present and that all your auditors are dunces.' — *Leon Trotskii*

* * *

I am getting to an age where I can only enjoy the last sport left. It is called 'hunting for your spectacles.' — *Lord Grey*

* * *

I am not particularly interested in opera. I think it is an unsuccessful fusion of two or more arts. — *Sir Hamilton Harty*

* * *

Putting aside Russia, where accurate information is unobtainable, we are the only European Great Power whose expenditure on armaments is larger than it was in 1913.

— *Lord Robert Cecil*

* * *

The policy of the British Empire is the maintenance of peace, and in the prosecution and execution of that policy the greatest instrument is the British Navy. — *Lord Beatty*

* * *

Democracy can only flourish by means of the triumph of reason, and not by force.

— *Stanley Baldwin*

* * *

It is becoming plain that democracy has done its work, that it is a most wasteful and unstable form of government, and that, in short, it is a luxury we can no longer afford. — *Dean Inge*

* * *

The Bishop of Huesca, a small town in Aragon, known to students of Roman history as the place where Sertorius was murdered, has seen fit to excommunicate one of the local newspapers for having published an article eulogizing the present fashion of short hair and short skirts for women.

— *Outlook*

* * *

Mr. J. L. Garvin tries to reassure himself by balancing the marvelous qualities of Lloyd George against his demerits. After comparing him to Chatham and Pitt, he goes on to describe him as 'at the same time the Monte Cristo of party finance.' We shall not ask if Mr. Garvin is fair to Chatham; but is he fair to the Count of Monte Cristo, whose mysterious millions were not subscribed? — *Morning Post*

* * *

It is a sign of failure when a nation has not beautiful women. — *Johan Bojer*

* * *

There is only one consoling thought about the future, and that is that the rate of population is diminishing.

— *Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health*

* * *

By no conceivable 'measures,' remedial or otherwise, can civilized society attain a position where it can 'dig itself in' under conditions of perfect safety. 'Dug in' under any conditions whatsoever, the fibre of the race would inevitably decay, and the pleasanter the stagnation was the more swiftly time would turn it to putrefaction.

— *L. P. Jacks*

* * *

When Billingsgate objected to the report that 'anti-curse boxes,' a device for raising funds for a hospital, were to be placed at the notorious fish market, the chief organizer of the fund denied the statement of the New English Dictionary that the market was 'noted for vituperative language,' as follows: —

'Will you print this word in defense of Billingsgate, which prides itself that very few curse words are heard there nowadays?

'The distributor of the boxes says that he never heard one curse word in the district, and that he met with more civility and good feeling at Billingsgate and Smithfield than anywhere else.

'The money in their "anti-curse" boxes may be considered, therefore, merely a proof of the generosity and good will of the donors.'

* * *

Tipping is the oldest institution in the world after robbing. — *Sir E. Denison Ross*

* * *

It is not easy to write English: it is so difficult that few, even of those who devote their lives to the attempt, achieve it. — *Gerald Gould*

* * *

I am afraid, very afraid, for Europe.

— *Mrs. Annie Besant*

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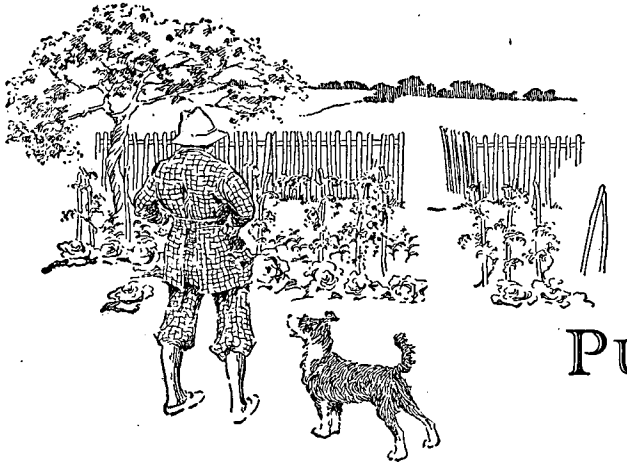

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ALAS, POOR YORICK!

Imaginary Adventures of an Immortal Wit

By Alfred H. Bill

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MR. BILL has come off very well in the three episodes through which he has chosen to picture Yorick to us. . . . As a story the first episode of the book 'The Coxwold Comedy' is unquestionably the best. Done in the spirit of comedy, as is right, the stirring events of a night of adventure keep the reader amused and nearly as bewildered as the bishop whose misfortune it was to measure his pomposity against Sterne's wit. The Bishop of Sodor and Man and his Mr. Prorkley, the chaplain, are excellent satiric portraits while Kitty Fourmantelle is a very proper heroine for a piece of eighteenth century romance. Mr. Bill makes us feel her sprightly grace which is a considerable achievement. . . . — *Gordon Hall Gerould* in the SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE.

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THE GUIDE POST

WHAT with all the leading diplomats of the New World forgathering in Havana at Sloppy Joe's Bar and the Sevilla-Biltmore, it is only appropriate that a considerable number of our pages should be given over to Latin-American affairs. First comes Lindbergh, successor to Will Rogers as Envoy Extraordinary to Mexico, and then we move farther south for a personally conducted tour of Venezuela by Señor Lanz. As a member of the party that has been running that country with conspicuous success for so long a time, the Señor may draw rather a long bow, but the substance of his eulogy appears sound.

❦ ❦ ❦

Colin Ross, one of the most popular and widely traveled of all German journalists, has hit upon one of the factors that make South America fall such an easy victim to Yankee, and still more to British, imperialism. His contention that the racial rivalries in Bolivia will some day end in bloody revolution we can hardly believe, for the Indian does not suffer from the discrimination that white people often display toward their duskier fellows in other parts of the world. The point is, however, that enough friction will always exist between the Spanish and the native stock to prevent concerted action against foreigners.

❦ ❦ ❦

But racial difficulties are not the only stumblingblock in the way of Latin-American development. Dr. Max Jordan shows how Chile and Peru have worked each other up into a far more senseless state of perturbation over the Tacna-Arica question than France and Germany did over Alsace-Lorraine, and he suggests that the consequences of this ill-feeling may be as disastrous as the Franco-Prussian or the World War — at least for the parties concerned.

❦ ❦ ❦

Three excellent travel suggestions are contained in three of our articles. 'An English Visitor' to Sweden portrays what will be this department's next stopping place in the unlikely event of a European tour, and Madeline Alston will make many American dwellers of the frozen North eager to break the winter with a flying trip to South Africa. We also anticipate with pleasure the effect that her rhapsodic descriptions of the local fruit and climate will have on jealous Californians who have only just recovered from the Florida nightmare. As for the description of 'Motoring in Morocco,' that is a pleasure that an increasing number of Americans are becoming acquainted with every year.

❦ ❦ ❦

F. P. Farrar is an editor of the *West Coast Leader*, an English-language weekly read by the Anglo-American colony in Peru. Since many such expatriates out there are as ignorant of their surroundings as the frequenters of the Dome and the Rotonde cafés are of Paris, it is only natural that obliging fellow countrymen, more familiar with the land from which they are all extracting so handsome a living, should illuminate them on its history and customs.

❦ ❦ ❦

Sir Edmund Gosse writes a weekly literary essay in the *Sunday Times*, frequently seeking his inspiration on the other side of the Channel. In this case he sees fit to heap praise on M. Paul Souday, the highly intelligent but somewhat abstruse literary critic of *Le Temps*, whose enthusiasm for M. Paul Valéry knows almost no bounds at all. To show just what M. Souday is good for, and to appeal to the fanciers of modern French literature, we give his last words on Marcel Proust's last volume, *Le Temps retrouvé*. Someone might make a joke about the name of M. Souday's paper at this point.

❦ ❦ ❦

Emil Ludwig needs, as the expression goes, no introduction. Nor does Gerhart Hauptmann. It is unlikely, however, that many of our readers will feel inclined to read *Till Eulenspiegel*, and for that reason we commend Herr Ludwig's review as an entirely satisfactory substitute. Incidentally, Ludwig dedicated his Life of Bismarck to the 'Poet of the German Republic.'

❦ ❦ ❦

It is still a little early to tell, — and without a recommendation from Billy Phelps or Gene Tunney we should hate to make any prophecies, — but we feel that we may be introducing our readers to something new and important in Russian literature. In any case, read Valentin Kataeff's little skit about breaking into the bureaucracy, and see if you like it.

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